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Choice Poetry.

THE BROKEN HOUSEHOLD.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Vainly, vainly, memory seeks
Round our father's knee,
Laughing eyes and rosy cheeks
Where they used to be:
Of the circle once so wide,
Three are wanderers, three have died.

Golden-hair and dewy-eyed,
Prattling all the day,
Was the baby, first that died;
Oh, 'twas hard to lay
Dimpled hand and cheek of snow
In the grave so dark and low!

Smiling back on all who smiled,
Ne'er by sorrow thrilled,
Half a woman, half a child,
Was the next God called!
Then a grave more deep and wide,
Made they by the baby's side.

When or where the other died
Only Heaven can tell;
Treading manhood's path of pride
Was he when he fell;
Haply thistles, blue and red,
Bloom about his lonesome bed.

I am for the living three
Only left to pray,
Two are on the stormy sea;
Farther still than they,
Wanders one, his young heart dim
Uttermost, most, I pray for him.

Whatsoe'er they do or dare
Wheresoe'er they roam,
Have them, Father, in Thy care,
Guide them safely home;
Home, oh Father, in the sky
Where none wander, and none die.
—*Graham's Magazine.*

Original Novelet.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE; OR, THE FOSTER SISTERS. A WINTER EVENING'S STORY.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," "RETRIBUTION," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER V.

THE ACTRESS.

Eloquence—her gift is that which reaches
The heart and makes the wisest head its sport.
—*Halleck.*

Every once in awhile our story approximates so near the literal truth, that I tremble for those, yet living, who were concerned in its events. And so it is in the present instance—for I think that many of our oldest theatre-goers will recollect the debutante of whom I am about to write, and the extreme, though short lived enthusiasm, that greeted her debut at the Old Federal Street Theatre, Boston—possibly not though—possibly her short and brilliant career may have entirely passed from the memory of man—no fame is so ephemeral as that of the histrionic "star"—or, more properly—comet.

It was just before the opening of the two great theatres for the winter campaign, that Magdalene reached Boston. Though very short in funds, it was a part of her policy to go at once to the best, and consequently the most expensive hotel in the city. Here she engaged a chamber and private parlor, and from this place she addressed a note to Mr. P———, the manager of the first theatre in the city, requesting an interview, and stating her reason for desiring it.

The next day she received a civil reply to her note, declining the proposed interview, and stating that the manager's arrangements for the ensuing season were all completed. Magdalene smiled to herself at this answer. It was just what she expected, and was prepared for—for what indeed should Mr. P——— know of *her*, her character and purposes, her personal appearance, or her capabilities—she might be old, ugly, and conceited, for aught that he knew, or cared to know to the contrary—but *she* knew that she was young, vigorous, beautiful, talented, and resolute. She wrote to him again—in this strain—

"All that I request of you, is to come and see me—to hear me read and recite—then if you are not disposed to offer me an engagement, I shall assuredly not press the matter upon you, any more than I shall repeat this request again, if now it be refused. Listen! You would not mind the outlay of five dollars upon a lottery ticket for the chance, one in a thousand, of winning a prize. Valuable as your precious time may be, it cannot be worth *more* to you than five dollars the half-hour. Spend that half-hour with me as you would spend five dollars on a lottery ticket, for the chance of winning a prize. If the ticket, myself, turn out a prize, the half-hour has been well expended. If a blank, you will have only lost half-an-hour. As for me, I know myself, and have no doubt or fear as to the result of our interview. It is proper to say to you, that in the event of your *now* declining my proposition, I shall immediately apply to the manager of the Tremont Street Theatre. My motive for giving your establishment the preference, being merely the respect for its greater age."

There is something in sound faith that is very contagious. When one is thoroughly persuaded of any one thing, it is comparatively easy to persuade others of the same. The calm assurance, as well perhaps as the oddity of this letter, brought Mr. P——— the same day to the hotel, to see, as he afterward said, what strange sort of an individual it was that could write such a queer letter. When he was introduced in Magdalene's private parlor, and found a young, strong, and beautiful woman awaiting him, his countenance betrayed a curious blending, and conflict of more emotions, than it is needful to enumerate and classify. Magdalene arose to receive him.

"Miss Mountjoy, I presume," said he, bowing.

Magdalene inclined her head in an affirmative, and set him a chair. He took it, and not to lose any time, or to give him any chance of misunderstanding her, Magdalene at once opened the object of the interview, by saying,

"Mr. P———, I have been a governess and a school-mistress—the profession of a teacher is not at all to my taste, and I desire to change it for one very opposite in every respect—for that of the stage, for which I have a strong vocation, and some genius, which you may put to the test. But first, as you are, or should be, most interested for the personal respectability of an applicant—these are my testimonials!"

And she laid her packet before the eyes of the astonished manager. He certainly had not expected *this*. He opened them, and glanced at them merely as a matter of form. He saw that they were what they professed to be. He tied them up and returned them. He was beginning to feel a strong curiosity and interest in the beautiful girl before him, whose manner was so full at once of freedom and reserve.

"Pardon me—have you no family, young lady—no friends?"

"None nearer and having greater claims upon me than those whose names stand at the foot of my testimonials; but, Mr. P———, I do not wish to take up more of your valuable time than is strictly necessary. I am ready to read, or recite for you, as soon as you please."

"What line of character do you propose to yourself?" inquired the manager.

"The sterner impersonations of tragedy—Lady Macbeth—"

"Ah!" said the manager, with as much incredulity in his face as was polite to let appear.

"Yes! I could play Lady Macbeth, Clytemnestra, Electra, Medea, Joan D'Arc, Elvira—and that role. I do not think I could personate well the soft and gentle, and love-lorn characters even of tragedy. I could not enter into and impersonate Juliet, Ophelia, or Desdemona! No! I could understand, enter into, and impersonate Richard III. with more effect.

"Youthful lovers of this art, however, seldom know how much or how little they may be able to do in any particular line. It is common for those who fancy themselves qualified by talent for the highest walks of tragedy, to be very fit for low comedy, and for nothing else. It is curious that the young and happy invariably prefer tragedy, or melo-drama, before comedy! It is because they have no misery of their own, that fictitious misery possesses the zest of novelty for them."

"I said that you could test my abilities, sir," said Magdalene, with some little hauteur.

"I beg your pardon—I shall be pleased, Miss a—Mount—to hear you read the supper scene in Macbeth."

Magdalene took her pocket edition of Shakspeare from the table, and turning to the scene, commenced and read it without the least falter or mistake, though nervous trepidation.

"You have, among others, two very rare requisites of success in a debutante."

"Hardihood and effrontery, I suppose you mean?"

"Self-esteem and self-command."

"Simple strength of physical organization, sir—are you satisfied with me in other respects, or shall I read anything else?"

"Yes—if you please—Juliet's hymn to the night—I should like to test your abilities in the—in what you call, with some irreverence, the 'love-lorn' parts."

"I do not like it! nevertheless—" and Magdalene turning to the right page read that.

"Very fair, very fair indeed."

"But the *other* scene—the supper scene in Macbeth—I hope it met your expectations?"

"Decidedly *not*, Miss Mountjoy," said the manager, with a singular smile. "I see that you pique yourself upon your reading of this particular sort of thing—but—pardon me!—have you ever had the advantage of comparing your own somewhat novel style of reading with that of others—have you ever, in short, seen the play of *Macbeth*—for instance—performed?"

"Yes! several times—you look surprised?"

"I am—your conception of the character of Lady Macbeth, your style of reading the part, strikes me as so entirely original, yet, at the same time, is full of truth and nature, that I had supposed—"

"What?"

"Well, in fact, that you could have had no opportunity of copying the manner of another. The histrionic art is eminently an imitative one. A great actor fixes a certain style of playing a character, and all the lesser actors, with more or less precision, copy that. It is difficult not to imitate. Original genius, in any art, I think, comes, not from those educated in, and familiar with its common routine—but—from those new and unfamiliar with it. Benjamin West is an instance among the painters. You have certainly strong and striking originality of conception and style, but that is what I cannot understand in a frequenter of the theatre."

"I never was a frequenter of dramatic entertainments, and, moreover, my style was formed before I ever saw a play."

"That accounts for it."

"But—you have, as yet, evaded the main question—are you satisfied—will you give me an opportunity of submitting my histrionic abilities, great or small, to public criticism in a debut?"

"I am more than satisfied. I told you that you had not met my expectations—you have not, inasmuch as I expected my expended half hour would have drawn a blank, whereas it has drawn a prize."

"You *are* satisfied then?"

"Perfectly."

"And your 'arrangements for the season are' *not*—completed?" said Magdalene, with a half-suppressed sardonic smile.

"Not until I have arranged with you the preliminaries of a debut, and perhaps afterward the terms of an engagement, and for this purpose I will call on you—again—at—your first convenient hour."

"To-morrow, then, at this time," said Magdalene, and the manager bowed himself out.

Faithful to his engagement he called the next day at the appointed hour, and in that interview it was arranged that as Magdalene wished, for many reasons, to leave her hotel, she should for the present, take up her abode with the family of the manager, who, with his wife and daughters, resided in the city. It was farther stipulated that she should enter her new profession under a *nomme de plume* by which she should be known in private as in public life. Thus—in having selected a city as far from the scenes of her childhood as was then practicable, and in having changed her name, Magdalene had cut off every external link that bound her to her former life and associations.

The character selected for her *debut* was that of Lady Macbeth—the day of her first appearance was fixed at some weeks distance, in order to give the debutante the advantage of many rehearsals in which to become familiarised with the *mécanique* of the stage, and to prepare the new scenery and new costumes that were to lend additional attraction and *eclat* to the occasion.

The night of the debut at length arrived—every circumstance was fortunate—the weather was very fine—the debutante herself in high health and beauty—the *corps-dramatique* in good order, and what was better in good humor—and the public, it would appear, propitious. Magdalene dressed for her part without the least doubt, fear or tremor of the nerves, and smiled scornfully when her chaperone, Mrs. P———, herself an *artiste* of superior merit, advised her not to think of the audience as a collection of sentient individuals, but to look upon it as a mere panorama of faces.

"I shall certainly look at the audience and pick out some one to speak *at*," said Magdalene. "I know, beforehand, that I cannot play to vacancy. Now give me the property 'letter' for my hour has come," and so saying, as composedly as though she had been a veteran of the boards, Magdalene sauntered through the side scenes and took her place upon the stage. A round of applause accorded to the young, beautiful, and majestic woman, or, to the *debutante*, rather than to the genius of which they, as yet, knew nothing, greeted her entrance. Neither did this enthusiastic welcome hurry, in the least, the well governed pulses that beat faster or slower only by her own will. She stood there, indeed, the stern inflexible woman—the woman of "demoniac firmness" whom she came to personate, conscious but careless of her coming triumph.

Her debut was, as had been confidently expected, a complete triumph. But all successful debuts are so much alike, the same "enthusiastic greetings," the same "rounds of applause," the same showers of "bouquets" and "wreaths" welcomed the entrances, attended the scenes, and followed the exits of our debutante, and the curtain finally fell, amid a tempest of acclamation, in which the *nomme de plume* of the new favorite was the only distinguishable word. Attended by the manager, she obeyed the stormy summons, by entering at the right of the stage, passing before the curtain, curtseying, and passing off at the left. In answer to the congratulations of the well-pleased manager, Magdalene's lip curled in scorn, as she said,

"Yes!—they have patted me on the head!—Pity I have not lubricity and flexibility enough to wriggle and twist as a dog should, when receiving such distinguished marks of approbation! Pah! In a word, I do not like this sort of reception! Think of the thrice-distilled quintessence of absurdity in showering flowers upon—a murderess!—as they did in that murdering scene! I do not think that I have a very keen sense of the ridiculous—I am too much in earnest; yet, had it not been for the faculty of thoroughly losing individual identity in an ideal impersonation, I should have ruined myself and you by laughing out in the midst of all that folly! What do they mean? Real and sound appreciation would not have manifested itself in that way. No! If my acting *really* merited approbation, I did not *really* get it. All that fuss was—fustian! nothing more! Genuine approbation of a play and part so sombre as *that*, would not have been so noisy—would not have vented itself in a shower of *flowers*! At all events, I will not go before the curtain if they call me again—that is certain. For my own private pleasure, and the enjoyment I find in the art, as well as for their entertainment, I will use my best abilities in the role for which I am engaged! Yes! in letter and in spirit, I will keep 'the bond'—but beyond that, I will not go."

This was the haughty, scornful spirit in which Magdalene received the testimonials of public favor. Two years before, she could not have been so bitter and ungrateful. This was the instance of a great soul ruined by a great wrong. Now she looked upon herself and the world with a jaundiced eye, and from a false point of view, as antagonists.

"I do not ask its pity, its sympathy, its love, its admiration! I ask only a *quid pro quo* for value received!" she said, in the stern and savage acrimony of her heart.

So went off her debut.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEEP HEART.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its shadow alike over her joys and her woes,
Than which life nothing brighter nor darker can bring,
For which joy hath no balm, or affliction no sting.
—*Moore.*

It was natural and deplorable that the profession chosen by Magdalene—the particular role of characters taken by her—the passions, emotions, and sentiments adopted as her own for the time—should have tended to foster that very spirit of hate and revenge, which had taken complete possession of her heart. But in the very fact of having preferred this line of strong demoniac creations—and of personating such with the greatest power, she was true to the stern and cruel unity of her own spirit and purpose.

Yes! amidst all her multifarious occupations and amusements, the fell purpose of her soul was remembered—under all the superficial excitements of her life, the deep strong under-current of her soul rolled onwards to its fatal consummation.

She had many admirers, some suitors; among the number of the latter, was one whose position scarcely entitled him to the distinction—il Signor Bastiennelli, an Italian, the leader of the orchestra—and whom no degree of coldness, hauteur, or scorn could possibly discourage or repulse. He devoted himself to Magdalene with the most determined persistence, yet with a manner that so admirably blended high respect with deep affection, that no open offence could be taken.

Magdalene concluded a long engagement and a longer re-engagement at Boston, and then set out Southward on a professional tour, stopping at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Charleston, and so on to New Orleans—only avoiding Richmond in her route. Signor Bastiennelli distinguished himself by breaking his compact with the managers of the Old Federal Street Theatre, leaving Boston and following his guiding star, or rather his misleading comet, on her erratic orbit. To leave metaphor, the Signor Bastiennelli made himself very conspicuous by his pursuit of the new favorite—travelling in the stages and steamboats in which she travelled, stopping at the cities where she stopped—putting up at the hotels where she boarded, and going to the theatre every night when she performed—where, seated in the middle seat of the front row of the pit, immediately before the footlights, he would lean forward, prop his elbows on his knees, prop his black muzzled chin upon his palms, and pour from under his shaggy and lowering brows, consuming streams of fire upon his inamorata, from the moment of her entree on the scene until that of her exit—when relaxing all his muscles he would sigh heavily, sink back and smoulder out.

It was on her return tour, that, still followed by her satelite, Bastiennelli, Magdalene stopped at Washington, to fulfil a short engagement. One night, when personating the Queen in her own tragedy of Gyges—in the midst of that one scene between the arrogant and outraged Queen and the King's favorite and colleague, in which the former assures the latter that himself, or his royal master, *one* of the two men whose gaze had feloniously profaned the sacredness of her unveiled beauty *must die*, and that she would live the wife of the survivor—in the midst of this scene, the eyes of Magdalene turned and fell upon LORD CLIFFE, seated in the box of the British Minister, immediately in front of the stage.

He had recognized her evidently—their eyes met—his full of tenderness, hers blazing! Did she pause or falter? No! A great impulse was given to her heart and brain, and she played out her part to the end with unprecedented power and passion—"bringing down the house" in a tempest of enthusiastic applause.

When the performance was over and she was about to retire by the stage door, to her carriage that was in waiting, she met Lord Cliffe face to face!

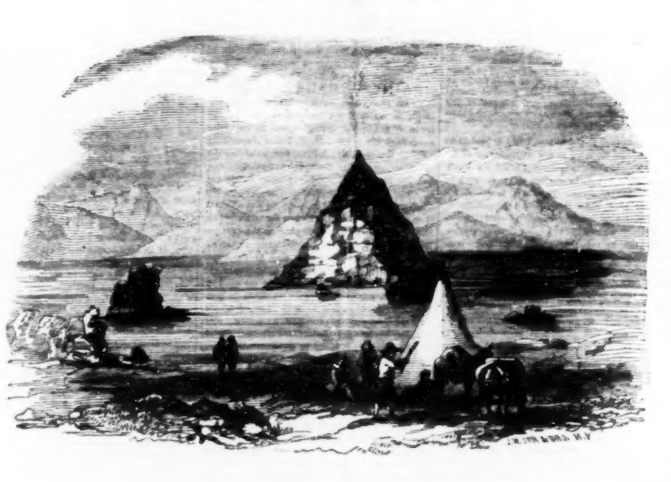
"Magdalene! my lost love!" he began in a rich, full, tender voice, taking her hand.

"STOP!" she exclaimed, snatching her hand away and folding her arms, while her countenance darkened, her eyes fired—and she said in the low, deep thunder-tone of intense hate: "You are deceived in me—your address shows it. When we parted last, I left you under a false impression. You supposed me—heart crushed, spirit broken—and so I was! and you supposed me docile, submissive, because I was quiet—and so I was not! for, mark you! *my quietness was the quietness of the* STUNNED LION! not of the lamb. I come of that Red Race who never yet betrayed a friend, or forgave a traitor! Yet! as I am avenging and not traitorous or deceitful, I could not strike without warning you! I am your MORTAL FOE!" and thus, as it were throwing down the gauntlet of a fell defiance, before he had recovered from his surprise, she folded her mantle around her, passed before him, and stepped into her carriage, which was immediately driven off.

"Monomaniac!" muttered Lord Cliffe, as he too left the premises.

Magdalene returned to her hotel, where, in her private parlor, she found Bastiennelli awaiting her return to renew and press his suit. Magdalene listened to him with more favor and patience than she had ever shown before. When he had urged all he had to say again and again, with all the eloquence, energy, fire and passion of his race and clime, Magdalene said to him,

Our Picture Gallery.



PYRAMID LAKE, OREGON.

The engraving of the very remarkable scene, called Pyramid Lake, in Oregon, from the pyramid-shape mountain which rises from the centre of the water, is taken from Capt. Fremont's narrative of his adventurous journey from the Dalles to the Missouri River. We cannot do better than to give Capt. Fremont's own language in the description of the remarkable scene:

"The Exploring Party having reached a defile between the mountains, descending rapidly about 2,000 feet, saw, filling up all the lower space, a sheet of green water, some 20 miles broad. 'It broke upon our eyes like the ocean,' says the narrator. 'The neighboring peaks rose high above us, and we ascended one of them to obtain a better view. The waves were curling in the breeze, and their dark green color showed it to be a body of deep water. For a long time we sat enjoying the view, for we had become fatigued with mountains, and the free expanse of moving waves was very grateful. It was set like a gem in the mountains, which, from our position, seemed to enclose it almost entirely. At the Western end it communicated with the line of basins we had left a few days since; and on the opposite side it swept a ridge of snowy mountains, the foot of the great Sierra.'"

* * * * *

"'The next morning the snow was rapidly melting under a warm sun. Part of the morning was occupied in bringing up the gun; and, making only nine miles we encamped on the shore, opposite a very remarkable rock in the lake, which had attracted our attention for many miles. It rose, according to our estimate, 600 feet above the water, and, from the point we viewed it, presented a pretty exact outline of the great pyramid of Cheops. Like other rocks along the shore, it seemed to be encrusted with calcareous cement. This striking feature suggested a name for the lake, and I called it Pyramid Lake; and, though it may be deemed by some a fanciful resemblance, I can undertake to say that the future traveller will find a much more striking resemblance between this rock and the Pyramids of Egypt, than there is between them and the object from which they take their name.

"'The elevation of this lake above the sea is 4,890 feet, being nearly 700 feet higher than the Great Salt Lake, from which it lies nearly West, and distant about eight degrees of longitude. The position and elevation of this lake make it an object of geographical interest. It is the nearest lake to the Western rim, as the Great Salt Lake is to the Eastern rim, of the Great Basin which lies between the base of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, and the extent and character of which, its whole circumference and contents, it is desirable to know.'"

"Signor, leave me now, and to-morrow near this hour, I pledge you my word that I will give you an answer."

And he left her full of hope.

The next morning she raised the Italian to the seventh heaven of happiness by permitting him to go with her to the rehearsal. At night again she allowed him to wait on her to the theatre, and attend her behind the scenes. It was at the close of the first act that Magdalene entered upon the vacant stage—then separated by the canvass curtain from the audience—and while the men were shifting some back scenes, beckoned the Signor Bastiennelli to the left hand front entrance, where she stood. He came to her side—startled, astounded by the expression of stern, relentless determination upon her face, as she laid her hand upon his arm, and pressing it until he shrank, said, in the same low, deep tone of earnestness—

"You love me, you say?"

"St. Peter! lady—yes!"

"Signor! for one I should love, I would, if needful, lose my soul. How much would *you* do for one you love?" she said, her fingers pressing his arm like a vice, and her eyes intently fixed on his, striking their glances deep into his soul.

"Lady! try me!" aspirated the Italian, in a deep voice.

She drew him within an angle, between the side scene and the curtain, where, unseen themselves, they had a full view of the audience; and pressing again his arm, with the same vice-like grasp, she pointed to a gentleman who occupied, alone, the British Minister's box, and said—

"Do you see that man?"

The quick, piercing eyes of the Italian followed her index.

"Yes," he said, in a low tone.

"He is a very handsome man," said she, mockingly.

The Italian frowned.

"And very graceful, accomplished, and fascinating."

The Italian scowled darkly.

"I loved him once, and it was for him I would have gone to perdition, had he—"

The Italian had started violently at the commencement of this sentence, and now stood gazing at him with the consuming fire of jealousy and rage burning in his eyes!—*such fires burn less than they burned in his heart.*

"Had he been true to me. But he was false. He LIED to me. He won my hand in a false marriage, by a LIE. Had he committed the higher crime of killing my body, the laws of the land would have demanded his life. He has perpetrated the greater atrocity of destroying my life of life—and the laws have no adequate justice for me. I should become a mockery, a byword, a laughing-stock by making an appeal to them! I must avenge myself. I am of a savage race who never forget or forgive! I have registered a vow never to marry while my mortal foe lives! You are an Italian! You understand me!"

"St. Judas, Signorina! you demand this man's death as the price of your hand!" exclaimed the Italian, appalled.

"It is the sacrifice to a stern JUSTICE that I demand," said Magdalene.

"Lady! I will give you your answer to-morrow," said the Italian, after a thoughtful pause, and in a deep, significant tone.

Magdalene left him and passed out—her countenance darkly illumined with the lurid light of a stern triumph.

Magdalene saw nothing more of the Italian until late the next night—the last night of her engagement at Washington—when she was to appear in her own original character of the Queen, in the tragedy of Candaules. At the rising of the curtain she looked anxiously for Lord Cliffe, and missed him from among the audience. The drama progressed, and still he did not come.—The drop-scene fell at the end of the first act, and arose at the commencement of the second, and yet he had not made his appearance. Finally, the green curtain fell upon the last scene in the last act of the tragedy, and Magdalene left the theatre in a state of intense anxiety. The continued absence of the Italian, together with that of Lord Cliffe, filled her with the most horrible conjectures. She thought a vengeance as complete—a tragedy as terrible—had that day been enacted in real life, as the one presented that night upon the stage. She returned to her lodgings in a mood of dark, morose, but suppressed excitement. She sent to the bar to inquire for the Signor Bastiennelli, and received word that he had not been in since the preceding night. She sent again with the request that he might wait on her in her apartment as soon as he should return; and then she sat down firmly, sternly, rigidly, restraining the frenzy that was racking heart and brain, as her soul shuddered—shuddered upon the dread boundary line that separates the purpose from the deed, the revenge from the REMORSE!

The clock struck the hour of one—of two—and the Italian had not returned. In an hour more she was to leave Washington. Her place had been taken in the stage that was to leave Washington at three o'clock for Baltimore, where she was engaged to appear at the principal theatre the next evening. But her engagement and her speedy departure were both forgotten in the fatal concentration of her thoughts, and intensity of her emotions in one fell subject, and she remained in the same fixed posture of self-guarded, self-governed madness, until the clock struck a quarter to three, when a loud rap at her chamber door startled her. It was the chamber-maid come to tell her that the stage was at the door, and bringing a porter to take down her baggage. Never in her life had Magdalene broken an engagement, and with her habitual justice, she determined not to break this, but to depart even without seeing Bastiennelli. She directed the porter to take down her trunks, and rising, with apparently perfect calmness, put on her travelling dress, and was preparing to follow, when a hurried step was heard upon the stairs, and Bastiennelli, travel stained and travel-worn, stood before her.

"For the Virgin's sake, Signorina! one moment!—come!" and he took her hand and hurried her back into the private parlor.

"Well! speak!" said Magdalene, in a deep, but steady voice—"speak! and quickly! shortly! for I have little time to lose, the coach starts in less than half an hour!"

Yes! though reason shook upon her throne, Magdalene remembered, and governed herself, and spoke in a calm, though stern voice.

"Signorina, I will!" said the Italian, in an agitated tone, stepping back, closing the door, and returning to her side.

"What have you to tell me? Quick!"

"Listen! Sit down!" he said, pointing to one chair, and dropping himself into another.

She sunk into the indicated seat—he drew his chair to her side, took her hand, pressed it to his lips, to his heart, and said—

"Signorina, your great wrong remains yet unavenged; the traitor goes yet unpunished!"

She snatched her hand from his clasp, darting a look of indignation at him, and exclaimed—

"And *you* return, alive and unhurt, to tell me so!"

"Lady! listen!—last night I sent him a challenge!"

"Fool!" muttered Magdalene.

"I received no reply."

"Of course not!" she said, with withering scorn.

"This morning I called at his lodgings."

"Idiot!"

The Italian scowled.

"Well! what then?"

"He had left them—no one knew for what destination."

"Certainly! Assuredly!"

"I need scarcely tell you, madame, scornful and incredulous as you affect to be, that I did not rest until I obtained what I supposed to be a clue to his whereabout, and followed it for fifty miles, when I discovered the imposture of which I had been the dupe; or perhaps the mistake, of which I had been the victim; and I lost no time in hurrying back to you!"

"COWARD!" exclaimed Magdalene, in the most taunting and exasperating tone, as her fine face darkened and flashed.

The Italian started—frowned darkly—impulsively dived his hand into his bosom—in the shades of which the handle of a poignard glittered—but withdrew it quickly again—smoothed his face, and composed his manner, as he said, calmly—

"Lady, you use your sex's privilege—had a man uttered that word—!"

"You would mercifully and prudently have allowed him ample time and space in which to make his escape from your consuming vengeance. Now listen, Signor!"

"Madame, the coach waits!" cried a waiter, rapping at the door.

"Yes! I am coming. Listen, Signor Bastiennelli!—I am not one to be trifled with! No amount of resolution, of determination, of energy, of effort that is not SUCCESSFUL, will win one favoring smile or glance from me! The consummation of JUSTICE is what I will have!"

"The stage, madam!" vociferated a voice from the foot of the stairs.

"I come! Farewell, Bastiennelli!"

"I attend you, lady," said the Italian, and he accompanied her down stairs, placed her in the coach, closed the door, watched the vehicle until it had rolled out of sight, and returned, to prepare to follow her the next day, saying—

"Aye, my Queen! play the despot! but I have that which the recklessness of your own nature has given me! Your secret—your avowed criminal purpose—and by it, the mastery of your fate! By *my* passion you would have made me your slave!—your tool! By *your own* passion, I become your master, and the disposer of your fate! Instead of rivetting fetters upon my wrists, you have placed a weapon in my hand—instead of chaining me a slave to your triumphal car, you have armed and invested me with power over your life! Look to it!"

While this dark conspiracy against his life had been proceeding, Lord Cliffe, unconscious of any danger he might be leaving behind, left the theatre at the close of the performance, and returned to his hotel, roused up his servant from his first sleep, gave directions for his horses to be saddled, mounted one, and, attended by his servant on the other, left the hotel and the city, with the intention of throwing two days' journey into one, and of reaching Prospect Hall, according to appointment, that evening.

And thither—as we are now weary of the heart-scorching phases of Magdalene's terrible life—thither, as it is now Spring, and the country will be pleasant, and the society of Virginia and even of Bruin and Gulliver will be refreshing—thither we will precede him to more peaceful scenes and better company.

CHAPTER VII.

VIRGINIA AND HELEN.

You must endure, yet loving all the while,
Above, yet never separate from your kind
Meet every frailty with the gentlest smile.
Though to no possible depth of evil blind.
This is the riddle you have left to solve;
But in the task you shall not work alone;
For, while the worlds about the sun revolve,
God's heart and mind are ever with His own.
—*Milnes.*

After spending the Winter in Richmond, early in the Spring, Judge Washington and his grand-daughter, Virginia, had returned to Prospect Plains. But before going farther, let me briefly sum up the few events of the last three years of Virginia's life—the three years that we have passed in Magdalene's company. From the shock of her sudden separation from Joseph Carey, Virginia suffered a long and severe illness, leaving her at the close of its acute stage, so enfeebled in body and mind, as to make change of air and scene, and retirement absolutely necessary.

Therefore it was that in the month of May following, Judge Washington took her to the Sunny Isle—to which place he also invited Helen and Theodore Hervey to bear her company; and here he gave his whole time and attention to the recovery and re-invigoration of his beloved child; and here he kept up a continued correspondence, as far as circumstances would admit of it, with Sir Clinton Carey in Europe, and with Joseph Carey in India.

At the close of the Summer, Virginia—"resigned, not happy"—was taken by her grandfather to Prospect Plains, to spend the Autumn, and to receive from the hands of the Bishop the rites of Christian confirmation; for Judge Washington, with all his lively charity for other sects, was a somewhat rigid observer of the forms and ceremonies of his church.

Here, however, a great trial awaited them—here as Magdalene had surmised, they had written to her several times and receiving no answer, they had written to Major Lincoln, and from him received the startling news that she had left them two months before. This news overwhelmed Judge Washington and Virginia with grief and anxiety. Greatly did Judge Washington reproach himself for having permitted her to leave his protection; bitterly did Virginia lament fancied coldness, fancied neglect and forgetfulness on her own part, which might she supposed have alienated her sister. This was the first effect of their first shock and dismay. Afterward Judge Washington said, as he caressed the weeping Virginia,

"Our only fault towards Magdalene has been, the having lost sight of her these several months past—we must not spend the time in idle regret, but must do all that we can to find her."

And accordingly every possible means was used to that effect—but as the reader already knows without success. Preparation for the approaching solemn ceremony of confirmation, by which she should renew in her own person the Christian vows made for her by her sponsors in baptism, now claimed Virginia's whole attention, and by engaging her thoughts in a more exalted subject of meditation, withdrew them from painfully dwelling upon her sorrows.

They spent that year at Prospect Plains.

The next Winter—being the third from the separation and dispersion of their family circle—the Judge and his grand-child prepared to go and spend the Winter in Richmond, where Sir Clinton Carey, now Lord Cliffe, was expected to join them.

They reached Richmond early in December—and soon after their settlement in their city home, they were joined by Lord Cliffe, who had just come over from England.

Whether it were that "practice makes perfect," and that Clinton Lord Cliffe was now an adept

"In winning, fettering, moulding, welding, banding
The hearts of nations till they move as one—"

or whether it were simply that time, study, and close association, acquainted him perfectly with Virginia's individual heart and mind—thus teaching him how to adapt himself to her taste, and recommend himself to her favor—I know not; but it is certain that with his fine tact and fascinating blandishments, with the splendor of his talents, the brilliancy of his conversation, and the grace and charm of his manner, he succeeded—not only in blinding her naturally refined instinctive insight, and overcoming her preconceived ideas of his character; but even—and this was a *highly important step*, an immense stride towards success—awakened a tender remorse in her bosom, for having been so harsh and unjust in her former estimate of the character of one so noble and so gentle.

And so passed the Winter—every day adding to the power of Lord Cliffe over the heart of our Ginnie.

And in this stage of affairs, when they were about to return to Prospect Plains for the Spring and Summer, Lord Cliffe urged Judge Washington for permission to speak to Virginia upon the subject nearest to his heart.

But still Judge Washington entreated him to forbear yet a little while—not to lose the ground he had gained in Virginia's affections, by shocking her with a precipitate avowal of his wish to make her his wife.

And so, about the middle of March they separated—the Judge and Virginia leaving Richmond for Prospect Hall, and Lord Cliffe going to Washington City, on business that would occupy him for a week or two, but promising at least by the first of April to be with them.

It was now the first of April, and near the close of a soft, bright Spring day, that Virginia Washington and Helen Hervey sat together in the upper front piazza of Prospect Hall, alternately working or noting the beauty of the scenery, and conversing in a low and confidential tone. At a short distance from them stood in attendance the negro waiting-maid of Miss Washington.

Virginia was engaged in embroidering a fine mull collar, Helen in knitting a lamb's wool stocking, and the colored girl in leaning over the parapet, watching the turkeys as they flew up to their roosts in the trees near the house.

It was a clear, bright, beautiful evening, and unusually warm for the early season. The sun was setting *behind* the house, and casting the piazza and its occupants into the deep shadow that extended, long and black, across the terrace and the lawn, and towards the Plains, enlivening, by the contrast of its darkness, the brilliant light of the emerald green fields that stretched flashing out to the distant dark waters of the Chesapeake, bounding the horizon.

Observe the young women as they gaze softly in reverential silence upon the still, bright beautiful scene!

Helen Hervey is, in almost every respect, the same woman that we saw her last—pale, dark, hollow-featured, picturesque, spiritual.

Over Virginia's form and features, air, manner and tone, there has passed a great change. Her eyes have lost somewhat of their flashing splendor; her complexion its dazzling radiance; her voice its joyous lightness; her manner its jubilant vivacity; and this seemed the effect, not so much of cherished sorrow or of ill-health, as of deeper emotions and more earnest thoughts.—Virginia had remained a few minutes with her hands and her work resting on her lap, idle and gazing thoughtfully upon the evening landscape, until the sharp outlines of light and shade softened and blended in the sinking of the sun beneath the horizon. Then, resuming her needle and her conversation at the same moment, she said—

"And so you really refuse Broke Shields, and suffer him to go? How strange, dearest Helen! How perfectly unaccountable!"

"Do you think so?"

"Why, yes. Just see. You were playmates in infancy, fellow-students in childhood, lovers in youth, deeply and strongly attached friends in maturity. Your exclusive mutual affection, your constancy and fidelity have been proverbial, and your marriage has been expected for years past, by your friends on both sides, who are quite agreed upon the subject; and yet you refuse him, and suffer him to leave you, thus wounding his heart and your own—for you love him still, Helen! By those fast-falling tears you do! Why do you weep, yet permit him who loves you so well,—who deserves your love so well—to depart? Tell me, dear Helen!"

"I will!—I will tell you! Look at my pale and hollow cheeks and hollow eyes! Consider my languor and that depression of spirits which even family and social affections and Christian faith and hope conjoined, cannot always relieve!"

"Well, dearest Helen, I should think the faithful love of one so nob[illegible] as Broke Shields would cure all [illegible]"

"Ah, this [illegible] ssion may indicate the [illegible] e and wasting malady [illegible] ere is a doubt about it [illegible]. And if no point of duty [illegible] olved, still I have too honest a friendship [illegible] Broke, to afflict all the best years of h[illegible] anhood with the burden and the sorrow of a fading and failing life."

"Ah, but he loves you so! he loves you so that he would rather be with you, and, if needful, devote his health, and strength, and life to sustaining and consoling you in your feebleness and languor for years, than to suffer the banishment and the absence that he now does; put it to your own heart. If Broke were ill and you were healthy, would you not rather be with him in his sickness and sorrow than anywhere else?"

"It is not what one would *rather* do, but what they would be right in doing, which must be considered. I will never be married while my health is so precarious."

"Dear Helen," said Virginia, looking at her with eyes full of deep affection, "do not speak so sadly. You speak too seriously of this. Why, you are stronger than I am, yet I confidently hope and expect to recover full health and strength. This autumn, father talks of taking me to the South of France. You shall go with us, if you will consent, and your parents can be persuaded to part with you. My father has set his heart upon having your company out. Now, if the sea voyage and the change of climate does me any sort of good, as the physician avows that it will, why the same means must quite restore you."

"I thank you and your grandfather, dearest Ginnie. I am not startled at your kind offer, you perceive. No degree of kindness from you or your grandfather surprises me in the least. I am your great debtor, and must always continue so to be, but I think the sea voyage and the change of climate will not avail me. That it promises to restore *you*, Ginnie, is the greatest evidence that it will fail to restore *me*. We are of opposite constitutions and temperaments, Ginnie, as opposite as our complexions are!—Besides, *your* indisposition is comparatively recent and temporary. *I* have been from childhood what I am now. Dear Ginnie, I have given you, and *you alone*, the secret motive of my rejection of Broke. Keep my confidence, and now let us talk of something else. Magdalene—have you ever heard from her?"

"Ah, *no*. Every means taken for the discovery of her abode or fate has failed! She is dead or lost to us forever, the restless, adventurous spirit! If we had found any clue to her fate, we would have followed it up until it should have led us to her, and if we could not bring her back, we would at least have shielded her from as much evil, and surrounded her with as much good as should be in our power! Oh, how I wish we knew where to find her!" said Virginia, pausing in sad thought, while her work dropped again upon her lap, and her eyes fixed on vacancy. After a little time, resuming her work, she said, "By the way, talking of dear Magdalene! how is Theodore, Helen? Poor Theodore, how severely he felt her loss. Where is he now, Helen?"

"Yes!—*where*?" repeated Helen, sadly and gravely, "*where! Gone in search of Magdalene!*"

"Gone in search of Magdalene! He is mad! Where does he expect to find her? In what manner does he pursue his search?"

"If he is mad, as I am sometimes inclined to say myself, there is provoking 'method in his madness.' In short he got himself appointed travelling agent for the Foreign Missionary Society, and goes from city to city, and from State to State preaching, collecting, and—as far as he can do so without notoriety—looking for Magdalene! To all my persuasions—to all our parents' arguments, he replies—that let her condition be what it may, if his love and life can redeem and restore her, she shall be redeemed and restored."

"May Heaven be with him to direct and to guard him! But there is another whom Magdalene's flight has nearly maddened. Poor old Adam Hawk! I have not seen him since our return—but I am told by Bruin that a few days previous, staff in hand, and with his Nazaritish hair and beard, still unshorn, according to his vow, he left his home for—no one knows where! Nor can his object be conjectured, except by a few words uttered at parting with Bruin, when he said something wild about dogging the footsteps of a murderer—giving him rope enough to hang himself with, and then delivering him up to justice!"

"*Hush!*" said Virginia, turning pale and shuddering. "Let us talk of something else," she said, in her turn.

"Dear Ginnie, we must talk of nothing else here longer; it is growing dark, and is, besides, quite chilly this evening—these early Spring days are so deceptive. Come, let us go in. You are too delicate to brave these evening chills. I was wrong to permit you to do so. Come!" said Helen, arising and rolling up her knitting.

"I was wrong to do so, dear Helen, both upon your account and my own. Besides, father will soon be home from Heathville now, and we must have a fire in the sitting-room and tea ready for him. Dear father! how my heart fills with love and reverence at the very thought of him, Helen! What a guard and guide and support he has been to me, Helen! Had I never known my Creator and Heavenly Father, methinks the love and reverence inspired by my earthly one must still have made me wish to be good. Yet that may seem impious! Heaven forgive me if it be so, for I do not mean it. Yet I can never express half the deep and fervent affection and veneration I feel for my father! Come, Helen!" and the girls went into the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pictures of Life.

"JUDGE NOT."

Many years since, two pupils of the University at Warsaw were passing through the street in which stands the column of King Sigismund, round whose pedestal may generally be seen seated a number of women selling fruit, cakes, and a variety of eatables, to the passers-by. The young men paused to look at a figure whose oddity attracted their attention. This was a man apparently between fifty and sixty years of age; his coat, once black, was worn threadbare; his broad hat overshadowed a thin, wrinkled face; his form was greatly emaciated, yet he walked with a firm and rapid step. He stopped at one of the stalls beneath the column, purchased a half-penny worth of bread, ate part of it, put the remainder into his pocket, and pursued his way towards the palace of General Zaionczek, lieutenant of the kingdom, who, in the absence of the Czar, Alexander, exercised royal authority in Poland.

"Do you know that man?" asked one student of the other.

"I do not; but, judging by his lugubrious costume, and no less mournful countenance, I should guess him to be an undertaker."

"Wrong, my friend; he is Stanislas Staszic."

"Staszic!" exclaimed the student, looking after the man, who was then entering the palace. "How can a mean, wretched-looking man, who stops in the middle of the street to buy a morsel of bread, be rich and powerful?"

"Yet, so it is," replied his companion. "Under this unpromising exterior is hidden one of our most influential ministers, and one of the most illustrious savans of Europe."

The man whose appearance contrasted so strongly with his social position, who was as powerful as he seemed insignificant, as rich as he appeared poor, owed all his fortune to himself—to his labors, and to his genius.

Of his extraction—he left Poland while young, in order to acquire learning. He passed some years in the Universities of Leipsic and Gottingen, continued his studies in the College of France, under Brisson and D'Aubenton; gained the friendship of Buffon; visited the Alps and the Appenines; and, finally, returned to his native land, stored with rich and varied learning.

He was speedily invited by a nobleman to take charge of the education of his son. Afterwards, the Government wished to profit by his talents, and Staszic, from grade to grade, was raised to the highest posts and the greatest dignities. His economical habits made him rich. Five hundred serfs cultivated his lands, and he possessed large sums of money placed at interest. When did any man ever rise very far above the rank in which he was born, without presenting a mark for envy and detraction to aim their arrows against? Mediocrity always avenges itself by calumny; and so Staszic found it, for the good folks of Warsaw were quite ready to attribute all his actions to sinister motives.

A group of idlers had paused close to where the students were standing. All looked at the minister, and every one had something to say against him.

"Who would ever think," cried a noble, whose gray moustaches and old fashioned costume recalled the era of King Sigismund, "that he could be a Minister of State? Formerly, when a Palatin traversed the Capital, a troop of horsemen both preceded and followed him. Soldiers dispersed the crowds that pressed to look at him. But what respect can be felt for an old miser, who has not the heart to afford himself a coach, and who eats a piece of bread in the streets, just as a beggar would do?"

"His heart," said a priest, "is as hard as the iron chest in which he keeps his gold; a poor man might die of hunger at his door, before he would give him alms."

"He has worn the same coat for the last ten years," remarked another.

"He sits on the ground for fear of wearing out his chairs," chimed in a saucy-looking lad, and every one joined in a mocking laugh.

A young pupil of one of the public schools had listened in indignant silence to these speeches, which cut him to the heart, and at length, unable to restrain himself, he turned towards the priest and said:

"A man distinguished for his generosity ought to be spoken of with more respect. What does it signify to us how he dresses, or what he eats, if he makes a noble use of his fortune?"

"And pray what use *does* he make of it?"

"The Academy of Sciences wanted a place for a library, and had not funds to hire one. Who bestowed on them a magnificent palace? Was it not Staszic?"

"Oh! yes, because he is as greedy of praise as of gold."

"Poland esteems, as her chief glory, the man who discovered the laws of the sidereal movement. Who was it that raised to him a monument worthy of his renown—calling the chisel of Canova to honor the memory of Copernicus?"

"It was Staszic," replied the priest, "and so all Europe honors for it the generous senator. But, my young friend, it is not the light of the noonday sun that ought to illumine Christian charity. If you want really to know a man, watch the daily course of his private life. This ostentatious miser, in the books which he publishes, groans over the lot of the peasantry, and in his vast domains he employs five hundred miserable serfs. Go some morning to his house—there you will find a poor woman beseeching, with tears, a cold, proud man, who repulses her. That man is Staszic—that woman his sister. Ought not the haughty giver of palaces, the builder of pompous statues, rather to employ himself in protecting his oppressed serfs, and relieving his destitute relative?"

The young man began to reply, but no one would listen to him. Sad and dejected at hearing one who had been to him a true and generous friend, so spoken of, he went to his humble lodging.

Next morning he repaired, at an early hour, to the dwelling of his benefactor. There he met a woman weeping, and lamenting the inhumanity of her brother.

This confirmation of what the priest had said, inspired the young man with a fixed determination. It was Staszic who had placed him at college, and supplied him with the means of continuing there. Now, he would reject his gifts—he would not accept benefits from a man who could look unmoved at his own sister's tears.

The learned minister, seeing his favorite pupil enter, did not desist from his occupation, but, continuing to write, said to him:

"Well, Adolphe, what can I do for you to-day? If you want books, take them out of my library; or instruments—order them, and send me the bill. Speak to me freely, and tell me if you want anything."

"On the contrary, sir, I come to thank you for your past kindness, and to say that I must in future decline receiving your gifts."

"You are, then, become rich?"

"I am as poor as ever."

"And your college?"

"I must leave it."

"Impossible!" cried Staszic, standing up, and fixing his penetrating eyes on his visitor. "You are the most promising of all our pupils—it must not be!"

In vain the young student tried to conceal the motive of his conduct; Staszic insisted on knowing it.

"You wish," said Adolphe, "to heap favors on me, at the expense of your suffering family."

The powerful minister could not conceal his emotion. His eyes filled with tears, and he pressed the young man's hand warmly, as he said,

"Dear boy, always take heed to this counsel—'JUDGE NOTHING BEFORE THE TIME.' Ere the end of life arrives, the purest virtue may be soiled by vice, and the bitterest calumny proved to be unfounded. My conduct is, in truth, an enigma, which I cannot now solve—it is the secret of my life."

Seeing the young man still hesitate, he added:

"Keep an account of the money I give you—consider it as a loan; and when some day, through labor and study, you find yourself rich, pay the debt by educating a poor, deserving student. As to me, wait for my death, before you judge my life."

During fifty years Stanislas Staszic allowed malice to blacken his actions. He knew the time would come when all Poland would do him justice.

On the 20th of January, 1826, thirty thousand mourning Poles flocked around his bier, and sought to touch the pall, as though it were some holy, precious relic.

The Russian army could not comprehend the reason of the homage thus paid by the people of Warsaw to this illustrious man. His last testament fully explained the reason of his apparent avarice. His vast estates were divided into five hundred portions, each to become the property of a free peasant—his former serf. A school, on an admirable plan and very extended scale, was to be established for the instruction of the peasants' children in different trades. A reserved fund was provided for the succor of the sick and aged. A small yearly tax, to be paid by the liberated serfs, was destined for purchasing, by degrees, the freedom of their neighbors, condemned, as they had been, to hard and thankless toil.

After having thus provided for his peasants, Staszic bequeathed six hundred thousand florins for founding a model hospital; and he left a considerable sum towards educating poor and studious youths. As for his sister, she inherited only the same allowance which he had given her, yearly, during his life; for she was a person of careless, extravagant habits, who dissipated foolishly all the money she received.

A strange fate was that of Stanislas Staszic.—A martyr to calumny during his life, after death his memory was blessed and revered by the multitudes whom he had made happy.

"I CAN."—Of course you can. You show it in your looks, in your motion, in your speech, in your every thing. *I can!* A brave, hearty, substantial, soulful, manly, cheering expression. There is character, force, vigor, determination, will, in it. We like it. The words have a spirit, sparkle, pungency, flavor, geniality, about them which takes one in the very right place.

I can! There is a world of meaning expressed, nailed down, epigramized, rammed into these few letters. Whole sermons of solid-ground virtues. How we more than admire to hear the young man speak it out bravely, boldly, determinedly; as though it was an out-searching of his entire nature, a reflection of his inner soul. It tells of something that is earnest, sober, serious; of something that will battle the race, and tumble with the world in a way that will open and brighten and mellow men's eyes.

I can! What spirit, purpose, intensity, reality, power and praise. It is a strong arm, a stout heart, a bold eye, a firm port, an indomitable will. We never knew a man, possessed of its energy, vitality, fire, and light, that did not attain eminence of some sort. It could not be otherwise. It is in the nature, constitution, order, necessity, inevitable of events that it should be so. *I can!* rightly, truly said, and then clinched and riveted by the manly, heroic, determined deed, is the secret solution, philosophy of such men's lives. They took *I can* for a motto, and went forth and steadily made themselves and the world what they pleased.

Then, young men, if you would be something besides a common dusty, prosy, wayfarer in life, just put these magic words upon your lips, and their musing, hopeful, expanding philosophy in your hearts and arms. Do it and you are a made man.

☞ That wretch deserves to be bowstrung, who, being pressed to stay a little longer, replied—"I will. Fifteen minutes will make no difference: my wife is now as mad as she can be."

Miscellaneous.

ORIGIN OF STEAMBOATS.
FULTON, FITCH, &c.

At the last meeting of the New York Historical Society a very elaborate and interesting paper was read by the Rev. Mr. Parker, of the Episcopal Floating Chapel, upon the rise and condition of the New York Commercial Marine. A portion of this paper was devoted to the subject of the introduction of steam navigation and the vindication of the claims of Fulton. There were present *five persons who had been passengers on the first steamboat that ever floated on the Hudson!* The Rev. Dr. R. W. Griswold, at the close of Mr. Parker's discourse, combatted some of his views, in a speech, which is thus reported in the Tribune:

Rev. Dr. Griswold remarked that he had read with surprise and regret the altogether erroneous observations of the magazine writer quoted by Mr. Parker upon the subject of Fulton's experiments. At this day it was simply absurd to allege that Fulton made the first successful experiment in steam navigation. To claim such credit for Fulton was to abandon it for the country. In England the matter had been much discussed recently, and it was easy to perceive that the claims of Symington could be maintained against those of Fulton—against any claims but those of John Fitch—since the pretensions of De Garay at Barcelona, Hulls in England, Miller in Scotland, and Jouffroy in France, were too vague and unintelligible to deserve consideration. Symington's boat was constructed in 1788, and its greatest speed was five miles an hour, upon one of the highland lakes of Scotland, and in the following year seven miles, upon the Clyde.—Fitch, who was a poor man, and uneducated, possessed unquestionable genius; the vision of steamboats had haunted him half his life, and the details of his first boat had been arranged in his mind at least two years, *when he launched upon the Delaware, in 1787, the Perseverance*—the precursor of the fleets of steamers which now swarm the rivers, lakes and seas of the world. This was *ten years* before Fulton built his boat upon the Hudson, and one year before Symington (to whom and to other foreign claimants of the discovery the intelligence of Fitch's plans probably suggested all they accomplished) made his trial on Loch Dalswinton.

Dr. Griswold said that a brief memoir upon the subject, which he had written many years ago, had led to a correspondence between himself and the late Noah Webster, who, in one of his letters, stated that he had seen, and in another that he had been a passenger upon the boat of Fitch, as to the success of whose experiments Dr. Webster's testimony was very positive. That distinguished person had declared himself indignant that a new American had kept from the Columbus of this discovery the gratitude of mankind. In the library of the Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, and in other repositories for such treasures in that city, there were many important documents illustrative of this history, and Miss Leslie, a sister of the eminent painter, and herself honorably distinguished in literature, had been several years engaged upon a life of Fitch, for which she had very ample materials—her father, while residing in London, having been his most serviceable friend and patron, and after Fitch's death *the exhibitor and explainer of his designs to Fulton.* Miss Leslie's book, he had no doubt, would be a most important contribution to our annals—upon this subject entirely conclusive. Of Fitch he had said that he had genius—not simply faculties for the application of the ideas of others, but a genuine creative energy.

Failing in his efforts to persuade the people of the benefits that would result from his invention, he went to Kentucky, in the hope of obtaining from certain contemplated speculations in land, such means as Fulton derived from an appreciating patron. He was disappointed, and in a fit of despair threw himself into the Mississippi, leaving directions that if his body were recovered *it should be buried beside the Father of Water, that the musical noise of boats, moved by steam, up and down that great river, might be his everlasting requiem.* In this request was more true poetry than in all else that had been said or written of steam navigation. Fitch felt that he had given a new impulse to civilization—that he had marked the limits of a new era for the human race; and with the confidence of a prophet whom God had commissioned, he foretold the passage of steamships against the winds across the Atlantic, and he saw all the grand results of his discovery, which had been so eloquently described by the reverend gentleman to whose paper the Society had listened.

From the letters of Dr. Webster, referred to by Dr. Griswold, we transcribe the following extracts:

Noah Webster to R. W. Griswold, December 18, 1839.—Dear Sir:—In your sketch of John Fitch, you justly remarked that his biography is still a desideratum ———Mr. Fitch conceived the project of steam navigation in 1785, as appears by his advertisement. He built his boat in 1787. In my Diary I have myself noted that I visited the boat, lying at the wharf in the Delaware on the 9th day of February, 1787. *The Governor and Council were so much gratified with the success of the boat that they presented Mr. Fitch with a superb flag.* About that time, the company aiding Mr. Fitch, sent him to France, at the request of Mr. Vail, our Consul at L'Orient, who was one of the company. But this was when France began to be agitated by the Revolution, and nothing in favor of Mr. Fitch was accomplished; he therefore returned. Mr. Vail afterward *presented to Mr. Fulton for examination the papers of Mr. Fitch,* containing his scheme of navigation. After Mr. Fitch returned to this country he addressed a letter to Mr. Rittenhouse, in which he predicted that in time the *Atlantic would be crossed by steam power*—he complained of his poverty, and urged Mr. Rittenhouse to buy his land in Kentucky, for raising funds to complete his scheme. But he obtained no efficient aid. Disappointed in his efforts to obtain funds, he resorted to indulgence in drink; he retired to Pittsburg, and finally ended his life by plunging into the Alleghany.

Yours, &c., N. WEBSTER.
Rev. Rufus W. Griswold.

Noah Webster to R. W. Griswold, 1840.—It is enough for Mr. Fitch that he perfectly demonstrated the practicability of his scheme. If he had had a Livingston for a patron, it is not improbable that he himself could have crossed the Atlantic in a steamship.

Yours, truly, N. WEBSTER.
Rev. R. W. Griswold.

ART UNION LOTTERIES, &c.

There are many kinds of gambling, but the most wicked kind is that which has a tone of morality and respectability about it, that which has *respectable* men for its parasites, and mealy-mouthed moralists for its panders. As a counterfeit coin is the more dangerous the nearer it resembles a genuine one, so is that kind of deception which wears the most honest-looking countenance, and this is the case with the "Art Union Lotteries," for pictures, statues, &c. The success of some "Art Unions" has so fully developed the truth of our premises, that we now have lotteries for furniture in Tripler Hall, accompanied by fine concerts, and for fear that any one should question the morality of such proceedings, why, some of the funds are given in the boundless generosity of the toadying lotterists' hearts to charitable Institutions. A raffle for poultry in a dram shop, a raffle for an old teapot, at an Irish dance, to assist poor Jody Larkins, is virtue itself compared with these *respectable* gambling lotteries. The greater the amount of intelligence and of *respectability* there is about any evil, the more heinous that evil is. High and low like to copy after that which is respectable. Vice often becomes fashionable, because practised by those who are termed "honorable and respectable." To throw odium on the character of a drunkard, the Spartans often made their helots drunk, as a warning to the young patrician race. As it was in days of old so it is now; human nature is the same all the world over; men are naturally led to despise what is low in others beneath them, while the low themselves palliate their evil practices, by appealing to the same being practiced by the *respectable.* Oh! out upon all such respectability. But this is an age of philanthropy. We may be told that Art Unions encourage a taste for the fine arts, and enable many people to possess fine pictures, who otherwise never could. We may also be told that furniture lotteries enable poor people to possess fine furniture of a quality far superior to what they could otherwise. This is *all* very fine—robbing Peter to pay Paul.—How benevolent the managers of such schemes are. It reminds us strongly of the days when respectable church members used to have their tavern signs decorated with the heads of Calvin, Edwards, Fletcher, John Wesley, and such worthies. All schemes of chance—this catering to that morbid passion of the human mind—a high strike for making a good bargain—is evil, and evil only. No one can limit its consequences. It begins with a respectable draw for a "would-be good picture," and ends with the secret gambling table.

We speak against these practices, combatting with a principle, for we care not how fair these schemes are said to be conducted—they are founded in evil, and we cannot expect pure waters from a turbid fountain.—*Scientific American.*

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.
A HYMN FOR ALL NATIONS: 1851.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

[The following lines are to be translated into many languages, including the Greek and the Turkish, for the great gathering at London in May.]

Glorious God! on Thee we call,
Father, Friend, and Judge of all;
Holy Saviour, heavenly King,
Homage to Thy throne we bring!

In the wonders all around
Ever is Thy Spirit found,
And of each good thing we see
All the good is born of Thee!

Thine the beauteous skill that lurks
Every where in Nature's works—
Thine is Art, with all its worth,
Thine each masterpiece on earth!

Yea,—and, foremost in the van
Springs from Thee the Mind of Man;
On its light, for this is Thine,
Shed abroad the love divine!

Lo, our God! Thy Children here
From all realms are gathered near,
Wisely gathered, gathering still,—
For "peace on earth, tow'rds men good will!"

May we, with fraternal mind,
Bless our Brothers of mankind!
May we through redeeming love,
Be the blest of God above!

AN ACCOMMODATING JUDGE.

The following anecdotes are told in Governor Ford's History of Illinois:

"In those days (from 1818 to 1830) justice was administered in the courts without much show, parade, or ceremony. The Judges were gentlemen of sense and learning, who had their courts mostly in log houses, or in the bar-rooms of taverns, fitted up for that purpose, with temporary bench for Judges, and chairs and benches for the lawyers and jurors. At the first Circuit Court in Washington County, by Judge John Reynolds, on the opening of the Court the Sheriff went out into the Court-yard and said to the people,—'Boys, come in, our John is going to hold Court.' This was the proclamation for opening the Court. In general the Judges were averse to deciding questions of law. They did not like the responsibility of offending one or the other parties. They preferred to submit everything they could to be decided by the jury. I knew one who, when asked for instructions to the jury on points of law, would rub his head and the sides of his face with his hands and say to the lawyers,—'Why, gentlemen, the jury understand it; they need no instruction; no doubt they will do justice.' This same Judge presided at a Court in which a man named Green was convicted for murder, and it became his unpleasant duty to pronounce sentence upon the culprit. He called the prisoner before him and said to him, 'Mr. Green, the jury say you are guilty of murder, and the law says you are to be hung. *I* want you and all your friends down on Indian Creek to know that it is not I who condemn you; it is the jury and the law. Mr. G., what time would you like to be hung? The law allows you time for preparation.' Mr. Green said,—'May it please your honor, I am ready at any time; those who kill the body have no power to kill the soul. My preparation is made, and I am ready at any time the Court pleases.' The Judge replied,—'Mr. Green, it is a very serious matter to be hung; it can't happen to a man but once in his life, and you had better take all the time you can get. Mr. Clerk, look at the Almanac, and see whether this day four weeks comes on Sunday.' The Clerk looked as directed, and reported that that day four weeks came on Thursday. 'Then,' said the Judge, 'Mr. Green, the Court will give you only to this day four weeks.' The case was prosecuted by James Turney, the Attorney-General, who interposed and said:—'May it please the Court, on occasions of this sort it is usual for courts to pronounce a formal sentence; to remind the prisoner of his perilous condition; to reprove him for his guilt, and to warn him against the judgment in the world to come.' To which the Judge replied:—'Oh Mr. Turney, Mr. Green understands the whole matter; he knows he has got to be hung; you understand it, Mr. Green, don't you?' 'Yes,' said the prisoner. 'Then, Mr. Sheriff, let the prisoner be remanded and adjourn Court.'"

Sunday.—The first day of the week derived its name from the Saxons, who, in heathen times, consecrated it to the Sun, which they worshipped. The solemnization of the day began during the early history of the Christian Church, in commemoration of the Resurrection of Christ and the descent of the Holy Ghost, both of which events took place upon it. The Sunday was at first distinguished only by prayers and the reading of passages of the Scriptures. Before the reign of Constantine, it was not strictly observed as a day of cessation from labor; but, by a decree of that Emperor, public business and military exercises were suspended. The Council of Laodicea, which sat A. D. 360, forbade labor of all kinds on that day, and the laws of Theodosius sanctioned the interdiction, and imposed penalties to secure its observance.

Clippings.

Enough of honest blood one drop remains
To steal its lonely way along thy veins,
Blush! to be branded with the slanderer's name,
And, though thou dread'st not sin, at least dread shame.

☞ Major M. M. Noah, of the New York Sunday Press, died in that city on Saturday last.—He was in his 68th year, and an editor of great experience and ability.

☞ Gen. Chaplin forfeited his bail in Maryland by not appearing—it was $19,000.

☞ The curiosity of an honorable mind willingly rests where the love of truth does not urge it further onward, and the love of its neighbor bids it stop; in other words it willingly stops at the point where the interests of truth do not beckon it onwards, *and charity cries, halt!*—*Coleridge.*

☞ Practical Retort.—In the theatre at Weimar, in Germany, not long ago, there were only seven persons in the house. The pit took offence at the miserable acting of a performer, and hissed him energetically; whereupon, the manager brought his company on the stage, and out-hissed the audience.

☞ A Rhode Island lad, under examination by a Connecticut schoolmaster, being asked:—"How many Gods are there?" The boy, after scratching his head some time, replied—"I don't know many you've got in Connecticut; but we have none in Rhode Island."

☞ "I owe you one," said a withered old Coelebs to a lady the other night at a party.—"For what?" said she. "Why, for calling me a young gentleman." "If I did so," was the rather ill-natured reply, "I beg you will not regard it as a compliment; for, believe me, though an old man, you may still be but a young gentleman."

☞ The Water Cure Journal suggests "tight dresses like those now in use, for the punishment of crime, or in cases of insanity."

☞ Why is a horse the most miserable of animals? Because his thoughts are always on the [illegible].

☞ When Mrs. Hannah More asked Dr. Johnson why he drank no wine, he honestly and wisely said—"Because if I drink at all, I shall drink too much. *Abstinence is as easy, as moderation is difficult.*"

☞ Did you ever know an ugly person who did not think more highly of mental than of personal graces.

☞ A lady boarding at a hotel in Fairmount, Va., lost a gold dollar, which was found some six weeks afterwards in the stomach of a duck.

☞ Did you ever know a newspaper editor, who, though poor as a church mouse, was not flooded with patronage?

☞ Wisdom and virtue are the greatest beauty; but it is an advantage to a diamond to be well set.

☞ Conversation is the music of the mind, an intelligent orchestra, where all the instruments should bear a part, but where none should play together.

☞ It is a blessing to be fair, yet such a blessing, as if the soul answer not to the face, may lead to a curse.

☞ God loveth a cheerful giver, and Christ reproved the Pharisees for disfiguring their faces with a sad countenance. Fools! who, to persuade men that angels lodged in their hearts, hung out a devil for a sign in their faces.

☞ Lady Blessington said, and surely she ought to know, "those who are formed to win general admiration, are seldom calculated to bestow individual happiness."

☞ "I do not like to patronise this line," said a culprit to a hangman. "Oh, never mind this once," was the reply, "it will soon suspend its operation."

☞ "Nothing is more vain," says a writer of the early part of the present century, "than for a woman to deny her age—she cannot deceive *herself,* who is the only person concerned about it. If a man dislike a woman because he thinks her of the age she *is,* he will only dislike her the more by being told she is younger than she seems to be, and consequently, looks older than she ought to do. The Anno Domini of her face will weigh more than that of her register."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1851.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years.

4 Copies,	$5 00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
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Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from,* as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

ADDITIONAL SUPPLEMENT.

As some of our new subscribers may wish to read the earlier portions of Mrs. Southworth's Novelet (Virginia and Magdalene,) and yet not desire to have so many back numbers, we have printed a Supplement, containing all of the story up to the 29th of this month, (March.)

Now subscribers can, therefore, either have the Supplement, and commence their subscriptions with the paper of March 29th; or they can begin their subscriptions at any subsequent date. *For the Supplement we shall make no charge.*

New subscribers will please state in their letters whether they desire the Supplement.

TAKE NOTICE.

We have received information that a man calling himself H. Baldwin, has been collecting money for the Post in Fulton Co., Ohio.

He is described as follows:—tall, somewhat gray, and about 45 years old; he said he was travelling for his health. He is not our agent.

All our agents have certificates, which they are always willing to show.

When any one offers to take subscriptions at less than our published terms, he may be set down as an impostor.

AS WE EXPECTED.

The "practical printer" who published the account of the recent trial against us for libel, now gives as an excuse for not having published the Card itself in the "*full and complete report*" of the trial, that he had no copy of the Post of the date in which said Card appeared. And yet he had a copy of the Post and of the two other papers containing the Card, at the Trial; and had it, moreover, in his phonographic report—if it was, as he said, a "*full and complete report.*"

Now he offers with a great but empty show of fairness, to publish the Card *by itself,* if we will furnish him with it—as if he had it not already in his possession. But the public are not fools, they will understand this. They know that there was no difficulty in procuring a copy of the Card for publication in the Report of the Trial, if he had wished to insert it—he acknowledges that it was not "forgotten"—for said Card also appeared in three or four abstracts of the trial published by the daily papers of this city. They also know *that he had no moral right to publish the proceedings of the trial at all, without giving the Card on which the trial was based.*

But this last move has unmasked this whole business to the understanding of the dullest apprehension.

"Truth, struck to earth, revives again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error stricken, writhes with pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

LAND LIMITATION.

The Land Limitation Bill, lately before the Legislature of Wisconsin, was defeated on its final passage in the House, by 39 nays to 27 yeas. It limited future acquisitions of land in the State by any individual to three hundred and twenty acres.

We advise our land limitation friends the next time they present their Bill, to amend it by prescribing how many apples, potatoes, &c., each man, woman and child shall be allowed to eat in the course of a year—and thus carry out their favorite idea to its full length. We have no objection to giving a farm to every poor, landless man; but really this idea of limiting the number of acres that any one may possess, seems to be running the matter a little "into the ground." The chief result would be to make farming land less valuable, as compared with other property, than it would otherwise be. Capital would be driven to the towns and cities for investment in lots and houses and stocks, and to other States for investment in farming lands.

But why limit the acquisition of land, more than of the products of land—grain, fruits, hogs, horses, iron, lead, gold, silver, &c.? You wish to encourage equality of possessions—very good; but is this the way to do it? A better way, it seems to us, is to encourage universal education, pass homestead exemption laws, and enact that property shall be divided, at the death of its possessor, equally among his children—not restricting of course, the right to bequeath property for philanthropic purposes; but only the leaving of it in bulk to one child, to the disregard of the equal rights of the others. Sons and daughters, eldest and youngest, are entitled, as a general principle, to an equal share of their parents possessions; and it is the true policy of a democratic State to encourage such subdivisions of property. For equality of property, is one of the surest guarantees of equality of rights. In a popular government, where there are many poor, the rights even of the wealthy are never safe—and the rights of the poor always in peril. If you would make a wealthy man a radical, render him perfectly secure in his possessions; and if you would make a poor man a conservative, give him a snug little property.

THE POSTAGE LAW.

A contemporary says:

The law is still very defective. In no case should the postage on newspapers have been increased, which is now done for any distance over 2,000 miles.

We do not understand that such is the case, that is when the postage is paid by the subscriber quarterly *in advance.* We think the Post Master General will have to wrest the law from its true construction, to make it convey any such meaning. We call the particular attention of the newspaper press to the clause which states that "*all* periodicals" shall pay only half the stated rates when the postage is paid by the subscriber *in advance.*

As to the graduation of the rates of newspapers and other periodicals by a scale of distances, it is very objectionable. No provision of the kind is made in the case of letters, and the practical effect of such graduation is to make the weight bear heaviest on those parts of the country (the frontier States) where the people most depend upon the Eastern periodicals, and can least afford to pay high postage. We trust that the next Congress will amend the law in this respect.

We quote once more in full, the clause we have alluded to above, respecting the quarterly pre-payment of postage, as we think it is very clear and decisive:

"Subscribers to *all* periodicals shall be required to pay one quarter's postage in advance; *in all such cases the postage shall be one-half the foregoing rates.*"

IOWA AND WISCONSIN.

The population of Iowa is 192,916; population in 1840, 43,111—gain in ten years 150,805. It will do.

The population of Wisconsin is 305,752; population in 1840, 30,947—gain in ten years, 274,807. This will do, too—even beating Iowa. These young girls are amazing fast in their growth, but they ain't so pretty as their more mature sisters—are they? New York, Ohio, Virginia, and all the rest of the older sisters, give an emphatic "no."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The result of the Queen's conference with the Duke of Wellington, was the reinstatement of Lord John Russell and the old Ministry. It appears that the Anti-Papal measures introduced by Lord John Russell, were the only obstacle in the way of a coalition with the Peel party. Some important modifications are proposed by the Government in this and other measures, and a union of the Peelites and the Whigs is anticipated.

Two hundred and sixty-two Hungarian refugees have arrived at Liverpool from Constantinople. Money will be advanced by the English Government to pay their passage to the United States. The Austrian Government have granted a full amnesty to all the refugees in Turkey, on condition that they shall not attempt to re-enter Hungary, excepting Kossuth, Bathyany, and a few others. It is to be hoped, however, that the Porte will release Kossuth and his friends, without regard to the wishes of Austria—but we fear not.

They have had another pretty little scene in the French National Assembly, on the discussion of the motion to repeal the law decreeing the Bourbons to perpetual exile. The scene is thus described:

A M. Marc Dufraisse, a compound of the bloody Jacobin St. Just, Couthon, and Callot d'Herbois, with compressed lips, pale head, intense expression, and resolute accent, whilst a hundred doubled fists threatened him with personal vengeance, exclaimed, "That those who recommended pity were Royalists, and enemies of the Republic." A violent scene ensued; the tribune was surrounded by indignant members, all menacing the undaunted favorite commissioner of Ledru Rollin, who followed up his taunt by recalling to mind "That the grandfather of the Princes, whose banishment they wanted to repeal, voted for the King's death." The Assembly shuddered, and shouted; and M. Berryer, forcing his way through the crowd, reached the tribune, and was listened to whilst he indignantly branded the sentiments of M. Dufraisse as "detestable." M. Thiers, Remusat and Piscatory felt sure of success, and that the Chamber out of dislike to M. Dufraisse, would have voted the repeal. But no; M. Berryer stopped short, and moved that the debate should be adjourned for six months. M. Thiers and M. Piscatory became furious; they tried to avert the danger, but M. Royer, the Minister of Justice, having accepted this offer, the adjournment was carried, and the vote of the preceding day reversed. The Paris journals have been since full of descriptions of the reappearance of the "pale ghost of Robespierre" in M. Dufraisse; and altogether the scene seems to have been more disgraceful than any which occurred even in 1848.

As a pendant to the above, Paris is said to be tranquil, and engaged in the amusements of the Carnival. It denotes that the French are learning wisdom, not to be excited by the quarrels of their representatives. They will learn after a while to look upon them as we Americans do upon somewhat similar scenes in our National Assembly—as mere bear-garden divertisements.

Strange to say, Democratic riots have been occurring in Norway and Sweden—under the very nose, as it were, of the Russian bear. We read indeed of a "great insurrectionary movement" being in progress. Alas, we can hope nothing from such movements, but the overthrow, disgrace, and death or imprisonment of the warm-hearted but imprudent men engaged in them. We now strongly incline to the belief that the cause of liberty in Europe can receive no aid from riots and insurrections; that it must rely only upon those powers "which are spiritual, and mighty to the pulling down of strongholds."

Austria and Prussia are somewhat at outs again. It is to be hoped that this will continue, though the interests of both Governments are one, so far as the repression of liberal tendencies are concerned. This interest continually draws them together, while national jealousies continually force them asunder.

At Florence a queer incident recently occurred. Two Countesses met on the field to fight a duel, in consequence of a political dispute.—One had taken a part in the war of Italian Independence, the other was a daughter of the North, known in the diplomatic world. The pistols were loaded, and the fatal shot was about to be fired, when their husbands reached the field, and sent them both home. Affairs look rather warlike in the North of Italy, and it seems the very women catch the contagion.

Switzerland has yielded to the demands of the Northern Powers, and confirmed the late decrees enjoining the confinement and expulsion of political fugitives.

A conflagration recently destroyed 2,000 houses at Ava, India.

The Kaffir tribes have broken loose on the Colonies at the Cape of Good Hope, and are carrying fire and sword into the frontier settlements. The English Governor has called out the settlers *en masse,* and proclaimed a war of extermination. The Kaffirs, only a few days before, had given pledges of fidelity to the English. The loss of life on the side of the Colonists—men, women and children—has been great; but the result of the contest is not doubtful. There can be but one ultimate issue to a war between a barbarous tribe, and the civilized European. It is presumed that this contest will not endanger the American Missions, though the London Wesleyan and Scotch Missions will probably suffer severely.

And so rolls on the great flood of Eastern life, mid confused noises, and turbulent whirlpools—bearing here and there on its bosom, deep crimson stains of human blood.

MR. WEBSTER'S LETTER.

The following is the letter written by Mr. Webster, on which the charge was based that he had solicited a donation from the capitalists of New York and Boston, as a condition of his acceptance of the office of Secretary of State. The letter was published by Mr. Webster's friends, in order to show what it really did contain:

WASHINGTON, Friday Morning, July 12, 1850.

My Dear Sir: You will hear various rumors respecting appointments to the Cabinet, but none of them will deserve credit, any further than they rest on general probability. Nothing is decided, as yet. The present Cabinet have all tendered their resignations, but they will not be answered till after the funeral.

The three important Departments are State, Treasury, Interior. I have no doubt some man, known to be thoroughly sound on revenue matters, will be appointed to the Treasury. As to the State Department, I have no idea who will have it, although, if the power were with me, I think I could find a man, without going out of Massachusetts, who has talent enough, and knowledge enough, but whether he is at this moment so fresh in the minds of the people, that his appointment would strike the public mind favorably, may be a doubt.

Nobody can well be Secretary of State who has no fortune, unless he be a bachelor. The Secretary of State is the head of the Administration, and he must have a house, sometimes, to receive guests in. He is, of course, necessarily in daily communication with the diplomatic corps, which, I believe, is twice as numerous now as it was twenty years ago.

My dear sir, you see the spirit of good will which is manifesting itself here. This is the golden opportunity, be assured.

The opposition gentlemen are determined—all the conservative part of them at least—to give the Administration fair play. Mr. Fillmore is well-intentioned and discreet. He will meet with annoyances from the rather overbearing spirit of a certain quarter, but I hope he will stand stiff. If he is successful in forming his Administration, I verily believe a prospect is before us for a better state of things than we have enjoyed for twenty years.

Yours, truly, DANIEL WEBSTER.
Mr. Haven.

Who is the "man" alluded to in the above, who has "talent enough and knowledge enough" for Secretary of State, it is of course impossible to say with certainty. Mr. Webster's friends allege, we believe, that he meant Edward Everett.

The golden "opportunity" spoken of, was probably intended to allude to a revision of the Tariff.

As to the "rather overbearing spirit of a certain quarter," who is meant thereby is uncertain. Some suppose a certain gallant leader, who once was accused of wishing to be the "Dictator of the Whig party," is intended. But the word "*quarter*" would more probably refer to some sectional influence. It would take an old politician, and we are not even a young one, to decide the question.

What fun it is to have these private political letters of distinguished statesmen brought to light. What a book the private letters of Clay, Cass, Calhoun, Webster, Houston, Polk, Tyler, &c., would make—wouldn't it sell?

THE MAILS.

We have complaints from our subscribers at Richmond, Indiana, and Tallaloosa, Mississippi, that our papers are not received regularly. The Postmaster at the latter place, under date of March 8th, says they had not received a number for a month previous. As the packages for both these places are regularly mailed, the fault is in the Post Office Department. To Richmond, Ind., we send two packages, (containing about thirty papers each,) and it is gross mismanagement if such large bundles do not arrive safely at their destination. We would call the attention of the Post Office Agents to this matter.

SUDDEN DEATH.

John S. Skinner, the talented editor of "The Plough, Loom and Anvil," died on Friday week, at Baltimore, from the effects of a fall into the Post Office cellar, the day previous. He struck his head against a marble sill in falling. Such is this life—a mis-step, a blow, and all is over. What would this existence be worth, without the infinite realms that open to the view of faith beyond this mortal being?

☞ One of the London papers denies that the troubles in Norway and Sweden—referred to in our Foreign News—were political. It says, moreover, that things are now quiet.

SIR GODFREYS.

Some weeks since we published a story of Sir Godfrey's Ghost, upon which it would have been well to have made some remarks at the time.—This ghost of Sir Godfrey, which was the cause of death after death in the family living in the old house he frequented, turned out ultimately to be an undrained and festering portion of the cellar. It is our opinion that there are a great many—a very great many Sir Godfreys about. In this city we know of them by the dozens, and even hundreds. They assume the shape of pestiferous chemical works, of slaughter houses, of glue manufactories, of hog boarding-houses, &c.

And have our country friends no Sir Godfreys among them? There is scarcely a farm but what has one or more of them, presenting their poisoned bowls, their goblets of pestilential vapors, to the lips alike of the strong man, the maiden, and the young and growing child. With the unthrifty and behind-the-times class of farmers, the Sir Godfreys are plenty, in the shape of fetid pigstyes, and stagnant pools, all around the house and barn. And even with a different class, with those who pride themselves somewhat upon the appearance of things, your wide-awake farmers, which of them does not cherish at least one Sir Godfrey, in the shape of some green and festering manure pool—which, especially when the wind is from the right quarter, enters his dwelling, and offers a draught of languor, depression, or fever, to the lips of the household circle.

We are by no means a disbeliever in what are called "providential dispensations;" but we do believe that many a sickness and death is called by this name, which is a simple and necessary consequence of our wilful or ignorant violations of the heaven-ordained laws of health. If a man surround his home with fetid pools, he should expect nothing else than that sickness will invade his household circle, and perhaps carry off those whom he loves better than life, one by one.

Dear reader of the Post, whether in city or country, look around you and see whether there are any Sir Godfreys in your neighborhood—especially in the direction of prevailing winds—and, if they be, depend upon it you have ascertained the cause of a great deal of unexplained lassitude and sickness among the members of your family.

PAINE VERSUS ADAMS.

These two "new lights"—following the example of various spiritual "new lights"—will probably get into a row with, and try to extinguish each other. Mr. H. M. Paine respectfully informs the Rev. Mr. Adams that he claims the use of *hollow coils* in the construction of helices, and that he does not confine himself to the use of water in said hollow coils—that he also has tried mercury, and laid it aside as less effective than water. He says that, "as far as he is able to judge, the contact of, or passage through water of the electric fluid, is productive of two results: the gaseous transformation of the water into sub-elements, and a total alteration of the nature of the electric fluid. Under certain conditions the sub-elements may be made to combine with the electric fluid in its changed nature, and then results are produced so entirely new, that the books and scholars are all at fault. If the electric fluid is made to combine with water, so as to saturate the same without a medium being formed with the atmosphere, one state, or condition of his helices is complete. If then this, now changed, fluid be instantly discharged from combination, then will be what he terms an electric vacuum formed in the interstices of the water, which will be immediately filled from the atmosphere. The alternate discharge and charge fulfil the second condition of the helix. The use of mercury in the coils is productive of the advantage of a third surface only, and does not answer any of the requirements of his theory."

Mr. Paine also calls attention to the following extract, sustaining his theory, from the recent proceedings of the Royal Society of Paris:

At the meeting of the Royal Society on January 24, a communication was read from M. Daniel Paret, "on the gaseous transformation of water, by the means of a pile in two separate compartments, having no other electric communication between them besides conducting wires of copper, and giving in the one oxygen alone, and hydrogen alone in the other." After premising that, at the present time, it is the generally received opinion that water is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen, the author states that he now brings forward an experiment which proves, that water is not a compound, but really a simple element, the generator of oxygen and hydrogen, since, without being decomposed, a given volume of water may be entirely transformed at will, either into oxygen or hydrogen. Thus, he considers, it is no longer a decomposition of pre-existing elements which is effected, but really a gaseous transformation into two "sub-elements," which are formed at the expense of the water, by the transposition of its combined or coercitive electricity, which places itself in excess in the water, which becomes oxygen, at the expense of another volume which becomes hydrogen.—However astonishing this may appear, it is "*un fait acquis a la science.*"

After describing the experiments which he considers as supporting his doctrine, the author observes that "these experiments prove,—1st. That, contrary to the indefensible theory, a compound electric fluid which is decomposed and recomposed, there is a true transfer of fluid in the current, which, besides, would be sufficiently evident by its motive power. 2nd. That the electric fluid is really the coercitive agent of cohesion. 3rd. That water is not a compound, is not an oxyde, but truly a first element, the generator of oxygen and hydrogen. 4th. In fine, it reveals a body unknown until now, and very many other bodies are in the same condition as water."

NATIONAL PEACE.

We neglected to notice, among the proceedings of the late Congress, that Mr. Foote, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported to the Senate the following preamble and resolution, in response to a memorial from the American Peace Society:

Whereas, appeals to the sword for the determination of national controversies are always productive of immense evils; and whereas, the spirit and enterprises of the age, but more especially the genius of our own Government, the habits of our people, and the highest permanent prosperity of our Republic, as well as the claims of humanity, the dictates of enlightened reason, and the precepts of our holy religion, all require the adoption of every feasible measure consistent with the national honor, and the security of our rights, to prevent, as far as possible, the recurrence of war hereafter; Therefore,

Resolved, That in the judgment of this body, it would be proper and desirable for the Government of these United States, whenever practicable, to secure, in its treaties with other nations, a provision for referring to the decision of umpires all future misunderstandings that cannot be satisfactorily adjusted by amicable negotiation in the first instance, before a resort to hostilities shall be had.

It is pleasant to hear that the Committee on Foreign Relations were cordial and unanimous in favor of the above Report. We think "there's a good time coming," notwithstanding the horizon does cloud up occasionally. The tide of moral and religious advancement will occasionally ebb for a while—especially if the flood tide has been urged forward somewhat by momentary and factitious agencies. But,

"behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own."

KOSSUTH.

The Boston Times suggests that instead of wasting a great deal of money in a grand reception of this illustrious son of Freedom, we should purchase him a substantial home with it. We trust there will be money enough found to do both. He should have a glorious reception in order to show the world exactly what we think of him; and then he should have a good home given him, in order to show that our enthusiasm is more than skin deep. There are times when if a people should forbear cries of rejoicing, and should coldly hold their peace, the very stones in the streets would cry out. No, let Kossuth be welcomed with the thunder of artillery, and the glory of martial music, and triumphal arches, and gorgeous banners, and festoons of flowers, and the waving of white handkerchiefs from the windows, and, in the streets, the deep roar of an applauding multitude. So let the greatest champion of Liberty in Europe—the most disinterested, and talented, and eloquent—be met on American shores.

THE STEAMBOAT.

To whom is due the origin of the steamboat? We call attention to an article upon this subject in another column, going to demonstrate that to John Fitch, and not to Robert Fulton, is the credit of the original idea due. It is argued that if America be able to make out her claim to the prior invention at all, against Symington and others, that the claims of Fitch are those which must be relied upon. Symington's boat was launched in 1788, while Fitch's Perseverance was launched in the Delaware, in 1787—ten years before Fulton built his boat—the idea being conceived, as appears by his advertisement, in 1785. But read the article to which we allude.

Jenny Lind.—Jenny is at St. Louis, and causing as much excitement as at New Orleans. Tickets command a premium of five dollars on the average. We should think Jenny would get tired of being the centre of so much "noise and confusion." Other "nightingales" like cool shades and quiet retreats—but this one never will until some happy mortal shall be able to catch and cage her. And yet, what a pity if Jenny ever should

"Give up to one, what was meant for mankind."

Special Agents.—A Post Office clerk at Belfast, New York, has been arrested, charged with robbing the mails. The system of special agents is working capitally—and the black sheep in the Department are being caught and pounced with commendable rapidity.

CALIFORNIA.

Since our last the Crescent City and Ohio have arrived from Chagres, bringing two weeks later news from California, $600,000 in gold, and 200 passengers—the Ohio also brings the mails.

The reports from the gold bluffs and the golden sands are not very encouraging. There is no doubt of there being fine scales of gold among the sand, but the difficulty is in separating them. It seems to be admitted that individuals can do nothing with the sand, and it even becomes a question whether it would pay a company to undertake the job. This bubble having collapsed, a new one has been started. We quote the Alta California as follows:

We had a conversation with a gentleman yesterday, upon whose word we can place the utmost reliance, who informed us that an immense discovery of gold has lately been made upon a hill in the vicinity of the Mokelumne River, which had never previously been wrought. A party of four struck upon the very summit, some three weeks since, and, by digging down fifteen feet, have thus far extracted over $4,000. The gold, although much coarser, is similar in color to that found in the vicinity of Nevada, black and rustic. The gentlemen who have been working this have had much difficulty in washing, being obliged to convey their dirt a great distance to water. The continued discoveries which are being made upon the hill tops are opening new resources in the mineral wealth of California. The idea that the gold of California has been exhausted is ridiculous in the extreme.

Yes, and we suppose the idea that the public credulity is exhausted, is also "ridiculous in the extreme." For the last six months, the news from California has regularly contained a new and inexhaustible gold discovery, and all equally baseless. We wonder what our California friends think the old-country people are made of—do they think we can vomit up an old, and swallow down a fresh humbug at the arrival of *every steamer?*

The new Senator was to be elected on the 17th of February. The Democrats are now said to have four majority in the Legislature, and Colonel Fremont the best chance. There had been quite a reaction in favor of the Colonel since his return. Butler King stock was down a little. But the election is evidently very uncertain.

The Indian difficulties had been rather on the increase. A miner's chance of getting scalped in certain districts was very good. This is a very romantic state of affairs—as all our young lady readers will admit, who have read Cooper's novels—rather more romantic, in fact, than pleasant. Scalping, especially if preceded (as it usually is) by tomahawking, may be very interesting in fiction, but it appeals to one's feeling entirely too sharply in practice. The story recently told, however, as to the massacre of a large number of miners, is said to be a false report. A force of volunteers is to be raised, and Commissioners have left Stockton with an escort of some hundred of United States troops, who, it is confidently believed, will be able to form treaties with the mountain tribes, and thus give quiet to the country—thus making it less romantic, but more safe.

The health of California is now very good. Business is also reviving. The miners generally are making from about one to five dollars a day—though we read of thirteen miners who have averaged $3,150 apiece the last year. The quicksilver mines are said to be yielding rich profits. The Placer Times says that these mines are now worked extensively, the produce amounting to several millions of dollars the present season, and that the yield from the ore is almost past belief. Eighty-five per cent. of pure mercury is not an uncommon yield. Gold mining seems to have settled down into something of a regular business, the wages being sufficiently moderate, and the work sufficiently hard. A considerable amount of gold is weekly realized, but when divided among the many thousands of miners, it amounts to a comparatively small sum for each.

It is evident that women are flocking into California, for its Legislators, of all questions in the world, are quarrelling about the divorce laws. The news says "there is a strong feeling, both in and out of the Legislature, against all laws granting divorces." What, wanting divorces already? We might have anticipated this, when reading the accounts of the haste with which anything feminine was caught up some year or so ago in San Francisco. "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure," is an old and suggestive maxim.

Vallejo is to be the future Seat of Government of California—unless the Governor vetoes the Bill, which had passed both Houses.

AUSTRIA COOLED DOWN.

The Imperial Cabinet of Austria have caused Mr. Webster to be informed, through the Chevalier Hulseman, that his arguments have not had power to change their convictions respecting the mission of Mr. Dudley Mann to Hungary—that they decline all further discussion of that "*annoying incident,*" (very "annoying," doubtless) —asking only that President Fillmore should put in practice towards Austria the principles he declared in his Message: good will towards foreign Powers, and the abstaining from interference in their internal affairs.

Mr. Webster answered this note, in effect, that the President regretted his former letter was not satisfactory, that he was pleased to hear that Austria desired to continue her friendly relations with the United States, that he also had no desire to continue the discussion, (he might have added, with a defunct antagonist; for "when the brains are out, the man *should* die,")—and that, under similar circumstances, the Government of the United States would do the same thing over again, unless "some extraordinary change should take place in the general current of human affairs."

It is reported that the Austrian Court are thoroughly disgusted with the plain speaking of the United States—alleging that those American "burghers" are as proud and self-satisfied as so many sovereigns.

LAST NIGHT OF CONGRESS.

The following description of the carousals at Washington, on the last night of the recent session of Congress, we find in a letter from Washington.

The Capitol was, on Monday night, a perfect Bedlam.' Some of the Representatives of the "dear people"—got most gloriously or ingloriously drunk. Wishing to have a good time at Uncle Sam's expense, they adopted the usual stratagem to accomplish their purpose, which is to vote the officers of the Capitol an extra $250 apiece, with the understanding that said officers should expend a certain portion for champaigne and suppers, for "the crowd." The consequence was, that more than a third of the members got so "elevated" above sublunary things, that they could not attend to the affairs of State, which had been entrusted to them by a too confiding constituency. I do not know the amount of money appropriated for this purpose this year, but was told by one of the officers under Government, that the extra pay voted to door keepers, porters, messengers, &c., *last year,* was $22,000—a very pretty sum, indeed!

We should think that if the members of Congress had the indecency to get drunk, they might have had the decency to do it on their own money. But, doubtless, this indirect appropriation of Uncle Sam's treasure for champaigne, &c., is strictly Constitutional. What is Unconstitutional with politicians, is sometimes like the mote in the eye of their neighbor, and sometimes like the beam in their own eye.

PEACE SOCIETY.

We are informed that the first annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Peace Society will be held in this city on the first of May. The leading objects of this society are to promote the establishment of a High Court of Nations, for the settlement of national disputes; and to induce Governments to introduce an arbitration clause into their treaties. These objects are such as commend themselves to all Christian men and women—however we may so far forget our better selves, as to get up an individual or national war-cry occasionally. "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men"—were the beautiful words that heralded the coming of the Messiah. And not until those words become the ruling principles of nations, will the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of Him whose glorious name the great mass of professing Christians unworthily bear.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

All writers concur in asserting, as an indubitable fact, that the plague has always first appeared and established its head quarters in the filthiest parts of crowded, ill-constructed and large cities, and has found its most frequent victims among the lowest and most dissolute of the people.

In one of Carlyle's works, he quaintly adduces the above fact as a proof of the brotherhood of man. He says that the rich and powerful in Edinburgh, forgetful that all men were brethren, allowed filth and want of drainage in certain parts of the town, to come to such a pass, that the typhus fever was engendered, of a pestilential character. Then, he says, when they began to catch and die off with the plague, they became aware of the fact that all men were brethren, at least to that extent.

Strange Precocity.—It is said by the Fort Smith, Arkansas Herald, that there is at that place a boy only nine years old, who speaks and writes the Hebrew, Latin, French, Spanish and Italian languages with as much facility as he does the English.

We know a greater curiosity in this city—a boy only nine *months* old, who speaks not only the above mentioned foreign languages, but Choctaw, Malay and Siamese *just as well* as he does English.

THE PHILHARMONIC.

The last concert of the Philharmonic Society, on Saturday evening, was attended by the usual good-looking crowd of people. Miss Virginia Whiting is a modest, pretty young lady, and sung to universal satisfaction. The other performances also went off well, and the musical season was thus closed with all due brilliancy.

☞ The Anti-Papal Bill has been modified by Lord John Russell, by directing it of the feature forbidding bequests to the new Bishops, and leaving only a penalty of one hundred pounds for the assumption of any ecclesiastical title taken from any place in the United Kingdom.

New Publications.

SERIALS.

We have received No. 12 of that valuable work, "The Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution." It is to be completed in about twenty numbers.

Littell's Living Age.—No. 358 contains a biographic sketch of the distinguished German, Heyne, and its usual variety of choice selections.

The Plough, The Loom, and The Anvil.—J. S. Skinner, Editor.—In this publication for March, are several interesting articles, giving valuable information to gardeners, one upon the culture of Sea-Kale, another upon that of Asparagus, and another containing complete directions for planting and cultivating peaches, as done by Mr. Reybold, of Delaware, perhaps the most successful man in the country in that line.

The Medical Examiner and Record of Medical Science, Edited by Francis Gurney Smith, M. D., and John B. Biddle, M. D.—This publication for March contains Lecture Second upon Scarlet Fever, by Caspar Morris, M. D., and many other articles valuable to the medical profession, and interesting to all.

Consuelo. By George Sand. Translated from the French by Fayette Robinson. Four volumes in one. New York: Stringer & Townsend, 222 Broadway. For sale by T. B. Peterson. Price 50 cts.

A cheap edition of this celebrated work, placing it within every one's ability to acquaint himself with the masterpiece of that splendid though erratic and often erring genius, Madame Dudevant. In every respect it stands at the head of her writings. Consuelo is a pure and powerful character, placed by the novelist in the most difficult circumstances imaginable, and through them all lifting up her lovely, dauntless head with the serene strength of a noble and simple heart. To conceive, and sustain so ably the conception, of such a lofty ideal, one had need to possess a soul rich in beautiful and heroic elements, and such, notwithstanding her many errors, is that of the singular being whom Elizabeth Barrett thus apostrophises:

"True genius, but true woman! dost deny
Thy woman's nature with a manly scorn,
And break away the gauds and armlets worn
By weaker women in captivity?
Ah, vain denial! that revolted cry
Is sobbed in by a woman's voice forlorn:—
Thy woman's hair, my sister, all unshorn,
Floats back dishevelled strength in agony,
Disproving thy man's name. And while before
The world thou burnest in a poet-fire,
We see thy woman-heart beat evermore
Through the large flame. Beat purer, heart, and higher,
Till God unsex thee on the spirit-shore;
To which alone unsexing, purely aspire."

Time, The Avenger. By the Author of "The Wilmingtons," "Mordaunt Hall," "Two Old Men's Tales," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston.

The reader of Mrs. Marsh's tales need never fear disappointment. Her genius ensures well-drawn characters, and a plot of deep interest, while her high religious principle, and pure morality, commend her writings to universal approval. The present story, after many exciting and sorrowful events, ends calmly and happily. We extract the closing paragraphs:

"The end of life should be like a sweet, tranquil, autumn evening, with the promise of a coming spring before it.

"Old age at rest, and the year of mortality approaching to its close; but a new life rising beyond it—a new creation for the coming year—carrying us forward in hope even in this world. The young are plants rising, as the trees of the forest fall.

"A tender friendship based upon the reminiscences of a once fervent love, is perhaps among the sweetest and purest sentiments that can visit the human heart.

"Love freed from the contradictions and passions which belong to this world—strong, enduring—stronger and stronger, and sweeter and sweeter every passing hour.

"Earnest of that heaven, where Love shall at last be united unto Joy, his eternal and long betrothed bride.

"Best gift of that Divine, Ineffable, and Almighty, who has given unto us richly all things to enjoy."

The Theory of Effect. Embracing the Contrast of Light and Shade, of Color, and Harmony. By an Artist. With fifteen illustrations by Hinckley. Philadelphia: J. W. Moore, 193 Chesnut St.

The design of this little book appears to us an excellent one; it cannot fail to be useful to those who are trying to acquire the beautiful and valuable art of drawing. The preface states that "The object of this work is to put persons in a way, by a knowledge of the theory of effect, to make their drawing correct and striking. It is not intended as a drawing book for beginners only, but for those who have attained a proficiency in the art, but are unacquainted with the reasons why their pictures are correct, only as they acquire them from their constant copying. The rules are here laid down in so simple and efficient a manner, that if those persons who have been taught to draw, without learning the theory of effect or contrast, will take the trouble of studying them, they will find their powers of composition, or as it is generally termed, 'drawing out of their own heads,' greatly increased."

Wallace. A Franconia Story. By the author of the Rollo Books.

Mary Erskine. A Franconia Story. By the author of the Rollo Books. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff Street. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

Two more of Mr. Abbott's pleasant little books. They are part of a series of five stories, in as many volumes, the scene of which is laid in Franconia. Three of these we have received, and read with unqualified pleasure. They seem to us calculated to be particularly acceptable to young people, and may be placed in their hands with a certainty that their influence will be wholly for good. They are simple American stories, fresh, healthful, and invigorating; such as older persons than those for whom they are intended, may find profit in glancing over, the spirit that pervades them enlivening like a breath of pure mountain air.

Elements of Analytical Geometry, and of the Differential and Integral Calculus. By Elias Loomis, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the University of the City of New York, author of "A Treatise on Algebra," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This, as the author informs us in his preface, "constitutes the fourth volume of a course of Mathematics designed for Colleges and High Schools, and is prepared upon substantially the same model as the preceding volumes. It was written, not for mathematicians, nor for those who have a peculiar talent or fondness for the mathematics, but rather for the mass of college students of average abilities." It is substantially bound in leather, as a school book should be.

French Without a Master. In six easy Lessons. By A. H. Monteith, Esq., author of "Spanish Without a Master," "German Without a Master," &c., &c.

German Without a Master. In six Lessons. By A. H. Monteith, Esq., author of "Latin Without a Master," "Italian Without a Master," &c., &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut Street. Price 25 cents.

These little works appear to us well fitted to answer the end proposed, being simply arranged and ably condensed introductions to the study of each language, as complete as their brevity will allow.

The Maid of Canal Street, And the Bloomers. By Miss Leslie, Author of "Pencil Sketches," "Kitty's Relations," &c., &c. Price 25 cts. Philadelphia: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart.

These tales have the usual attractive characteristics of Miss Leslie's fiction—a clever sketching off of every-day things and people, enlivened by a sharp vein of satire, in which there is just enough truth to make it amusing. Her stories are always entertaining when the caricature is not too broad, and the absurdity of the characters does not pass beyond the laughing point.

Polly Peablossom's Wedding, and other Tales. By the Hon. J. B. Lamar, Hon. R. M. Charlton, and the authors of "Major Jones' Courtship," "Streaks of Squatter Life," &c. Edited by T. A. Burke, Esq., editor of "The Horn of Mirth." Philadelphia: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart.

This is a collection of humorous tales, with illustrations by Darley. The names of the authors are familiar enough to the public to give them an idea of their quality.

Bertie; or, Life in the Old Field. A Humorous Novel. By Captain Gregory Seaworthy, author of "Nag's Head." Philadelphia: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart.

This is another of the same series of humorous tales. It is introduced to the public by a letter from Washington Irving, speaking favorably of it, and thus endorsing its merit.

Graham's Magazine.

The first engraving in the April number of Graham, is a beautiful picture of an Italian Girl, holding a lamb. The Fashion Plate gives some rich styles for wedding dresses, worn by a group of pretty ladies, whose only fault is—an unusual one for the sex, old bachelors say—that they are too little given to smile. An attractive representation of "The Home of Milton," completes the number of steel engravings.

The literary matter leads off with a humorous string of verses, abounding with puns and quaint conceits, from the versatile pen of Lowell, entitled "The Unhappy Lot of Mr. Knott." Then follows a story showing "What woman can do," by Angele De V. Hull; some verses by Mrs. Eames; a tale by Mrs. Neal; a well-told story by J. M. Legaré; a finely-written poem by G. H. Boker; one to "My Mother," by S. D. Prentice, &c., &c.

One of the queerest things in the book, is the following heading to a poem: "The Interview between the Prophet Nathan and King David, by George Ford, *respectfully inscribed to the Hon. Ellis Lewis.*" The idea of dedicating a poem on such a subject to any "honorable" gentleman, was, we must say, excessively verdant. The poetry, however, is worthy of the idea—we quote the concluding verse:

"Then Nathan, *still preserving calm*
The purpose of his plan,
Thus *spake, and said*—"Who stole the lamb?
Oh! King—thou art the man!"

The literary criticisms of "Graham" are as usual very well written.

Sartain's Union Magazine.

The April number contains a domestic picture of a group of children, called "Our Little Brother;" another of the "Return of a Victorious Armament to a Greek City," is a fine ideal scene in a country where beauty was everywhere worshipped. The next engraving, "The Resurrection," is not at all to our taste. We do not like winged angels with awkward forms and vulgar faces, still less do we like the name of the Saviour applied to a figure in which there is not one divine lineament. This event, the glory of which so far transcends all human delineation, should, in common propriety, be left to the highest genius. Among the literary contents, we notice several interesting articles. Miss Bremer's "Northern Loves and Legends" are more interesting than usual this month. Eliza L. Sproat has a skillfully versified poem, Mrs. Kirkland an ably-written article, and there are contributions from C. J. Peterson, W. Gilmore Simms, Caroline Chesebro and others.

The Warwick Woodlands; or, Things as They Were There Twenty Years Ago. By Frank Forester. New Edition with illustrations by the author. New York: Stringer & Townsend. For sale by T. B. Peterson. Price 50 cts.

Frank Forester is well-known as a captivating writer upon the captivating theme of field sports, and those who are practically versed in such pleasures may renew the excitement of them in these lively descriptions, and

"Fight their battles o'er again."

in imagination, sitting cosily by the fireside. The book contains numerous engravings, of various kinds of game-birds, besides other illustrations of the pleasures of the chase.

Gentleman's Science of Etiquette, and Guide to the Usages and Habits of Society. By Count Alfred D'Orsay.

The Ladies' Science of Etiquette, and Hand-Book of the Toilet. By Countess de Calabrella. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut Street. Price 25 cents each.

In these books are numerous suggestions which may be of use to those who are sensible enough to select the profitable from among the frivolous and foolish instructions in matters of etiquette. In the first mentioned is a handsome portrait of Count D'Orsay, and a picture of his driving in Hyde Park.

Godey's Lady's Book.

The number for April contains an engraving called "Search the Scriptures," another, "Who Speaks First?" a picture that will be generally liked, of a child holding up a tit-bit before two dogs, who wait for it with very expressive faces, a Fashion Plate, and a very fanciful design of "The Fairy's Court." The contributors are T. S. Arthur, Mary S. Adams, Mrs. Caroline H. Butler, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, Professor Alden, Angele De V. Hull and others.

Varieties.

First and Last Duel in Illinois.—In the year 1820, a duel was fought in Belleville, Saint Clair County, between Alphonso Stewart and William Bennett. The seconds had made it up to be a sham duel; Stewart, one of the parties, was supposed to be in the secret, but Bennett, his adversary, believed it to be a reality. It is supposed that Bennett somewhat suspected a trick, and after receiving his gun from his second, rolled a ball into it. At the word fire Stewart fell, mortally wounded. Bennett was indicted, tried and convicted of murder. Great efforts were made to procure him a pardon, but Governor Bond would not be entreated, and Bennett suffered the extreme penalty of the law, by hanging, in the presence of a vast multitude.

This was the first and last duel which has ever been fought in the State by any of its citizens. The hanging of Bennett made duelling very discreditable and unpopular, and laid the foundation of that abhorrence of the practice which has been felt and expressed by the people of Illinois.

We do not know but that the above is literally correct, though we think there are one or two errors connected with it. We are strongly impressed with the belief that a duel has been fought in Illinois, since the year 1820. But we will not presume to correct the errors of others, lest we blunder into similar ones ourselves.

Do as you are Bid.—It is an established motto with ship-masters, to "Obey orders if you break owners." It is a standing rule in all well regulated printing offices to "follow copy, if it goes out of the window." It is also a point with all well educated servants, in England, to obey their masters "if the devil stands at the door." The late London papers give the following account of a case of literally obeying instructions:

In October, 1849, Lord B——, belonging to one of the richest families in England, took a hackney coach at London for a place about three miles distant on the Thames, which serves as a steamboat landing. Arrived there, he got out, telling the coachman to wait, and went on board a steamer for Cowes, to see if his baggage had been brought on board according to orders. By accident he had mistaken the hour, and was no sooner on board than the boat put off, before he could return to pay the coachman. The latter, knowing his customer, determined to wait, hired the place where he had been left, put up a shelter for his horses and himself, and stayed there several months. Lord B—— came back last October, having forgotten the whole affair, but has just had to pay seven hundred pounds, at the end of a law-suit, for the services of the coachman during the period.

☞ A Jewel of a Woman.—A prefatory notice to the new edition of Major General Napier's History of War in the Peninsula, states that the gallant author is indebted to Lady Napier, his wife, not only for the arrangement and translation of an enormous pile of official correspondence, written in three languages, but for that which is far more extraordinary, the elucidation of the secret cypher of Jerome Bonaparte and others, by her own untiring perseverance and labor.

☞ When Dean Swift had grown old, he once asked Mrs. Whiteway to mention to him any decay which she might observe in his faculties. "No, sir," answered the lady, "I have read Gil Blas." He then requested the same *favor* at the hands of his friend Sheridan, who was stupid enough to comply, whereupon the Dean asked—"Whether *he* had ever read Gil Blas?"

☞ Originality.—People are always talking about originality; but what do they mean? As soon as we are born, the world begins to work upon us, and this goes on to the end. And after all, what can we call our own except energy, strength, and will? If I could give an account of all that I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be but a small balance in my favor.—*Goethe's Conversations with Eckermann.*

☞ Gas Explosion.—On Friday evening week, Mr. Chas. C. Henry, of Boston, entering his cellar with a light, was immediately prostrated to the earth by a gas explosion, caused by the ignition of gas which had proceeded from a leaky pipe. He was considerably burned, but not seriously injured. Two of the front windows of Mr. Henry's rooms were blown out bodily, and the partition wall was well started. The mass of the ignited gas found vent by blowing a hole through the side wall, above the cellar, of several feet in diameter.

☞ Altogether the style of a writer is a faithful representative of his mind; therefore, if any man wish to write a clear style, let him be first clear in his thoughts; and if any would write in a noble style, let him first possess a noble soul.—*Goethe's Conversation with Eckermann.*

☞ Ninon de l'Enclos defines a kiss: "an alms which enriches him who receives, without impoverishing her who gives." Very true; but misses should be careful to choose none but deserving objects on whom to bestow their charities.

☞ There are pure loves, says a Hindoo proverb, else there were no white lilies.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, March 22, 1851.

REMARKS—There has been but a moderate amount of business done during the past week, partly owing to the inclemency of the weather on Monday and Tuesday, which suspended out-of-door operations. The Cotton market has been more active, and prices have improved. Breadstuffs, with the exception of Corn, are dull. Coffee, Sugar and Molasses have been in fair request at steady prices. Provisions have been less active, but prices have undergone no material change. Money continues abundant, and good short paper, or loans on call, is easily negotiated at 6a6½ per cent. There is an active business doing among the Dry Goods Jobbing houses and wholesale Grocers; and we learn that the Southern and Western merchants, while they have been more punctual than usual in liquidating their obligations, they are purchasing largely—while the early opening of our State works, and our increased facilities for transportation both South and West, have induced many large buyers, who have heretofore purchased in neighboring markets, to lay in their Spring supplies here. Exchange on England has slightly advanced; we quote at 109¾a110¼.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market has been very quiet. The export demand has been limited, and the sales comprise only 5,000 barrels standard and good brands, including Western at $4,42a4,44 per bbl, and some of select brands at $4,50, and extra at $4,75a5. For city use prices range from $4,44 to 4,75 for common and extra brands, and fancy lots from $5a6,25 as in quality. Rye Flour is steady; 600 bbls sold at $3,37½. Corn Meal is dull and lower; sales of 1,500 bbls at $2,75 per bbl.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending the 20th inst., comprised—

Wheat Flour,	bbls	16,188
do.	half bbls	305
Rye Flour,	bbls	854
Corn Meal,	bbls	2,237
do.	hhds	30

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat continues limited, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 25,000 bushels red at 97a98c, and white at $1 02a1,02½ per bushel, and some is sold at $1,03. Rye—Is scarce and in demand. Sales of 3,000 bushels Pennsylvania at 66a68c. Corn has been in active demand and prices are fully maintained. Sales of 30,000 bushels yellow at 60a60½c, afloat, and 58a58½c in store. Oats are steady. Sales of 2,000 bushels Pennsylvania at 43 cts.

PROVISIONS—The demand for Pork has been limited. Sales of new Mess at $14,50, and old at $13,50 per bbl. City packed Mess Beef, in lots for ship stores, at $12,50a13. Bacon is less active, and the supplies continue small. Hams in salt and pickle sell at 8¼a9c, and smoked at 9a11c per lb. 280 casks Sides and Shoulders sold on private terms. Lard—Sales of 900 bbls new Western at 9¼a9½ cts per lb. Considerable sales of Cheese have been made at 6¼ cts per lb for common Ohio, and 9a10c for shipping. Butter is in rather better demand; sales of 4a500 pkgs at 8¼a10¼c per lb.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There is an active business doing among the Jobbing Houses, and the sales by the Commission Houses have been to a fair extent, without any material change in prices.

BARK—There has been a good demand, and prices are firm; sales of 150 hhds No. 1 at $34 per ton. Sales of 50 cords Chesnut Oak Bark at $12 per cord.

BEESWAX—Continues scarce; small sales of good Yellow at 26c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—The demand continues limited, but prices are steady at 42a43c per lb for Sperm, and 9a10 for Dipt and Mould Tallow.

COAL—The market continues excessively dull and inactive, and there are but few cargo sales making. The Reading Railroad Company has fixed the rate of toll from Pottsville to this city at $1,60, being a reduction of 10c per ton. Sales of Lehigh Lump and Broken Coal, deliverable on board at Bristol, at $3,62½a3,50 per ton. A cargo of Allegheny Bituminous Coal sold at 20c per bushel.

COFFEE—There is a good demand, and prices are firm; sales of 5,000 bags Rio, part at 10½a11 cts per lb on time, including an import before arrival on terms kept private.

COPPER—The demand for both Sheathing Copper and Yellow Metal continues limited at 21c per lb for the former, and 16½c 6 mos for the latter.

COTTON—The receipts have been small during the past week; the demand has been more active, and in most instances an advance has been realized; sales of 850 bales Upland and New Orleans, but principally of the former description, at 11¾a14½c per lb on time.

The following is a comparative statement of the import, stock and consumption of Cotton at Liverpool, from Jan 1 to Feb. 21, 1851, and for the corresponding period in 1850:

	1851.	1850.	
Imports.			
American, bales,	126,730	191,172	64,442 dec.
Other kinds,	42,073	56,654	14,581 dec.
Total,	168,803	247,826	79,023 dec.
Consumption.			
American,	118,360	132,910	14,550 dec.
Other kinds,	41,760	54,060	12,300 dec.
Total,	160,120	186,970	26,850 dec.
Estimated Stock.			
American,	266,910	331,230	64,330 dec.
Other kinds,	190,690	190,150	540 inc.
Total,	457,600	521,380	63,780 dec.

DRUGS AND DYES—market quiet; sales of Soda Ash at 2¾a3, Cream Tartar 19, Sicily Liquorice Paste at 16c per lb, and some American Castor Oil at $1 per gallon.

FEATHERS—Are scarce; small sales of good Western at 36a37c per lb cash.

FISH—There has been a moderate demand for Mackerel, from store, at $10,50a9,50, and $6,50a6,75 per bbl for the three numbers. Pickled Herring are dull. Codfish no change.

FRUIT—Bunch Raisins are held firmly, small sales, from store, at $2a2,12½ per box, and some poor Oranges at $1,50 per box. Sales of 1,200 boxes Raisins, 1,200 do Oranges, 400 do Lemons, on private terms. Dried Apples sell slowly at $1,25, and Peaches, unpared halves, at $2 per bushel.

HEMP—The market is quiet. Sales of 100 bales Dew Rot at $122,50 per ton, on time.

HIDES—Prices are firm, but no sales have been reported this week.

HOPS—Are dull. Small sales of Eastern and Western at 33a37c per lb.

INDIGO—The market is quiet. A small sale of Caraccas at $1,10, and Manilla at 80c per lb, on time.

IRON—The receipts of Pig Metal have been small. The demand is limited, but prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 500 tons Anthracite in lots at $22 per ton, 6 mos for No. 1, and $20 for No. 2. In Bar and Boiler Iron no change.

LEATHER—The demand is limited for all descriptions, but prices are unchanged. The receipts are increasing.

LUMBER—Supplies by canal are beginning to come forward. There is a fair demand for all descriptions at steady prices.

MOLASSES—The receipts have been large and the demand is moderate. Sales of 900 hhds Trinidad and Cuba, on private terms, and 600 bbls New Orleans at 33c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—Spirits of Turpentine is rather lower. Sales of 250 bbls, in lots, at 38a40 cts. In Rosin, Tar, and Pitch no large transactions.

OILS—There is a good demand for Fish Oils from store at full prices. Lard Oil is held firmly. A small sale of Winter at 70c. Linseed Oil is in better demand; sales in lots at 80a82c.

PLASTER—No sales reported this week, and none arriving.

RICE—The demand continues limited. Sales of 150 tcs in lots at 3¼a3¾c per lb, cash and on time.

SALT—An import of 300 sacks Liverpool Ground sold on private terms.

SEEDS—There is a fair demand for Cloverseed and 7a800 bushels have been disposed of from first hands at $5,12½a5,37½ per 64 lbs, but mostly at $5,25. In Timothy and Flaxseed nothing doing.

SPICES—The market is quiet, and the sales unimportant.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin continue in limited request at former rates. N. E. Rum sells in small lots at 30c. Whiskey has been dull. Sales of 500 bbls at 23, and hhds at 21a23c.

SUGAR—The demand has been moderate, and prices are steady. Sales of 800 hhds Cuba and New Orleans at 5¼a6c per lb on time, and 100 boxes Havana Brown on private terms.

TALLOW—There is a moderate demand at our former quotations.

TEAS—There is an increased demand for the supply of the country trade, but prices are unchanged.

TOBACCO—The demand is limited for both Leaf and Manufactured, but the stocks are small and prices firm.

WINES—The market is quiet and the sales unimportant.

WOOL—There is a fair demand principally for the supply of Eastern manufacturers, and prices are firm. Sales of 80,000 lbs at 37½a50c per lb on time.

FREIGHTS—Are steady to Liverpool at 2s per barrel for Flour, 8d per bushel for Grain, and 20a30s per ton for Heavy Goods. Colliers are in limited request at $1,06¼ to New York, and $1,75a2 to Boston.—*Inquirer.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, March 24.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,000 head. Beeves are selling from $6,00 to 8,00 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 500 head in market, and sold from $6¼ to 6,50 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 100 sold from $16 to 35. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $3 to 4; the latter from $1 to 3, according to quality.

☞ John Howard Payne, who has recently received, for the second time, the appointment of Consul at Tunis, is the author of the words of that most popular of all English songs: "Home Sweet Home." The music is an old Sicilian air, incorporated by Donizetti into one of his finest operas.

"For he that fights and runs away,
Will live to fight another day,"

though almost invariably attributed to Butler, author of *Hudibras,* was really written by a poet of the name of Menace one of the cotemporaries of Butler. He took the idea from Demosthenes.

☞ A resolution was carried in the New Jersey Legislature, the other day, to present each member of the third house—*i. e.,* the lobby members—with a copy of the Bible.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the intervals of Mrs. Southworth's Novelets, we shall publish shorter novelets and stories from the pens of other well-known writers. We have three now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.:

The Iron Hand, by T. S. Arthur.

The Belle of the Springs, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "The Mob Cap," &c.

The Texan Huntress, by C. W. Webber, author of "The Shot in the Eye," &c.

Reports of Lectures, the Cream of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

THE BOUNTY WARRANTS.

We have been a little struck by the following brief speech of the Hon. Isaac P. Walker, U. S. Senator from Wisconsin—probably done into its present condensed form by some friendly editor or reporter.

"Gentlemen (said he in substance—we cannot pretend to give his words)—you need not fear that I shall deprive you of a chance to pass this measure by talking out the last sands of this Session as I easily might do—that is not my way.—When I have stated my objections, I will desist, leaving you time to pass it. But hear me!

"You know that measure is in direct violation of the understanding on which these Bounty Warrants were authorized. 'Give the poor old soldier a home—let him have a spot of earth on which to spend the evening of his days'—such was the cry which passed the act creating these Warrants. I yielded to it and voted for them, though not without apprehensions. Yet the stipulation was so express and positive that these Warrants should not be made assignable, that I yielded. But now the mask is thrown off. Before the Warrants have been half issued or even applied for, here comes a resolve to make them all assignable. The home for the poor soldier is entirely forgotten! He don't want a home—a home would be worth nothing to him! All he wants is money, and the Warrants must be made convertible into cash! Well: I have endeavored to meet the new demand and save these Warrants from ruinous depreciation, by proposing that he should have the option of taking, instead of a quarter-section Warrant, a United States interest-bearing certificate for $100 in each. But that would not answer the purpose. To preserve the 'poor soldier's' Warrant from depreciation was not the object. The certificate could not be materially depreciated—the Land-Warrants may and will be. And, to make assurance doubly sure, the Senate proposes, by its amendment engrafted on this measure, to multiply these Warrants to an enormous extent. We have no estimates, no calculation, no precise data; but, according to the best information I have been able to procure, this amendment will add about *Ninety-five Millions of Acres* to the Public Lands thrown upon the market in the shape of Assignable Warrants by the original measure as here modified. What will the Warrants be worth in view of such a glut? What can the 'poor soldier' obtain for his Warrant? Sir, this measure will enure to the benefit of speculators in Warrants and in Lands—they will amass fortunes, and create for themselves principalities out of their profits from it, while little or nothing of substantial benefit will inure to the 'poor soldier.'

"Mr. President, has the Senate earnestly considered this measure? Has it reflected how entirely the National Domain will be swamped by it? Not merely will your Public Lands cease to yield a revenue under its operation—that is nearly the case now—but what vast sums must be drawn from the Treasury to keep in operation the machinery of your Land Offices—what an immense amount of extra labor will be thrown upon the Departments here. The temptations to wholesale fraud—the certainty that the soil of the New States will be covered and monopolized in whole Counties by non-resident ownership (the fruitful source of so many wrongs and woes)—the certainty that much of the land so obtained for a trifle will be held up for enormous prices—it seems to me impossible that the Senate, having duly considered, should proceed to pass this measure."

Notwithstanding this speech, however, the bill passed by 37 yeas to 10 nays. It went through though, somehow, between the two Houses in the last hours of the session.

We would respectfully ask the Hon. I. P. Walker, if he ever expects to reach any *political* heaven—the Presidency or such like—by telling such truths as he does above? Was the schoolmaster ever popular who preached choice morbus to boys bent on an inroad into the neighboring orchards?

Letter from Mr. Webster.—The Secretary of State has written a long letter in answer to the resolutions of the city government of Boston, relative to the recent slave rescue. He says those resolutions afforded the President great satisfaction. After alluding to the high respect which the President had always entertained for the city, &c., the letter states that the President is confident that the great majority of the citizens of Boston are entirely loyal to the constitution, view those outrages with indignation, and are ready to obey the laws. The writer observes that if "this event shall arouse the attention of all good citizens to a sense of the dangers to be apprehended from the inculcation of such doctrines as have been spread abroad in the country, tending to shake the authority of all law, to unsettle society, and to absolve men from all civil and moral obligations, and shall put them on their guard against the further diffusion of such pernicious sentiments, it may, in the end, be productive of happy results."

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 151—adults 55, and children 96.

Miscellaneous.

Cardinals.—Respecting Archbishop Hughes, the New York Post says:—"The Archbishop has not yet been elevated to the dignity of the Cardinalship. It is true that there have been several rumors to that effect, but as yet no definite or reliable information has been received in relation to the matter." The Archbishop, if appointed, will be the first Cardinal in America.

The title of Cardinal belonged originally to the higher officers of State under the Roman Emperor Theodosius, who reigned in the IVth century. Afterward, until the Xth century, it was the attribute of priests in the Christian Church of whatever rank. From that time the Popes formed from among the higher clergy a sort of privy council, and the title soon came to be their special property. In 1160, under Alexander III, the choosing of the Pope was made exclusively their office. Less than a century after, Innocent IV., gave them the precedence of the bishops, and conferred the red hat upon them by way of outward mark of distinction. The right to wear the princely mantle was conferred on them by Boniface VIII., at the beginning of the XIVth century, and the title of Eminence by Urban VIII., in 1631. In 1586 Sextus V. fixed their number at 70. They are divided into three classes, namely Cardinal Bishops, Cardinal-Presbyters, and Cardinal Deacons. Their duty is to assist by their advice in the government of the church, and also to preside over such branches and departments of the same as they may be appointed to. They also elect the Pope, always, of course, from their own number. The appointment and promotion of Cardinals, depends altogether upon the Pope. The names of those he has chosen are read in the Consistory or assembled College, with the formula, *Fratres Habebitis*, and the elected are informed of it by receiving the red hat.

Loss of the First Born.—We have read of a young mother who had newly buried her first born. Her pastor went to see her, and on finding her sweetly resigned, he asked her how she had attained such resignation. She replied, "I used to think of my boy continually—whether sleeping or waking; to me he seemed more beautiful than other children. I was disappointed if visitors omitted to praise his eyes or curls, or the robes that I wrought for him with my needle.—At first I believed it the natural current of a mother's love. Then I feared it was pride, and sought to humble myself before Him who resisteth the proud. One night, in my dreams, I thought an angel stood beside me, and said, 'Where is the little bud thou nursest in thy bosom? I am sent to take him away. Where is thy little harp? Give it to me! It is like those which sound the praise of God in heaven.' I awoke in tears; my beautiful boy drooped like a bud which the worm pierces; his last wailing was like the music from shattered harp strings; all my world seemed gone, till in my agony I listened—for there was a voice in my soul like the voice of the angel who had warned me, saying, 'God loveth a cheerful giver.' I laid my mouth in the dust, and said, 'Let thy will be mine;' and as I rose, though the tear lay on my cheek, there was a smile also. Since then this voice has been heard amid the duties of every day.—Methinks it says continually, 'The cheerful giver!'"

☞ Over a dozen fugitive slaves arrived at Saint Johns, New Brunswick, from the United States, on the 3rd inst.

JOHN DOE AND RICHARD ROE.

On the 14th of May last, Mr. Morris, of Clinton, introduced a question into the Ohio Constitutional Convention, which was adopted in the words following, to wit:

Resolved, That the Committee on Jurisprudence be instructed to inquire into the expediency of dispensing with the names of John Doe and Richard Roe, and all other fictitious characters in the action of Ejectment, and that all actions involving the title to land be prosecuted in the names of real persons interested.

On the 15th of June last, he made some amusing remarks on this subject, a portion of which we insert:

Mr. Morris wanted to reply to the gentleman from Knox—Mr. Mitchell. He has undertaken to defend his old friends John Doe and Richard Roe. It is said corporations have no souls. But John Doe and Richard Roe have neither souls nor bodies—neither beginning of days nor end of time. [Laughter.]

And, Mr. President, I do assert here, in my place, as a member of this Convention, that there never was an action of Ejectment commenced and concluded in the State of Ohio, that did not, as its result, put a falsehood upon record. The declaration relates that the real person interested leased the premises in controversy to John Doe, for a term of years which has not yet expired. Now, I ask the gentleman from Knox—Mr. Mitchell—if this is true? We may, I think, set this down as a falsehood. Then, although the suit may be, in reality, for but a single acre of land, the declaration pompously avers that the person interested leased to the said John Doe, one thousand acres of arable land, and one thousand acres of woodland, and one thousand acres of various other kinds of land. I would ask the gentleman if here is not another falsehood? Did he lease one thousand acres of arable land? or one thousand acres of woodland? or one thousand acres of meadow land? or one thousand acres of land covered with water? or one thousand acres of other land? or one thousand acres of each or all these kinds of land put together? Is all this true? And so it goes on multiplying falsehoods by each other, until the result is too great for computation. I am astonished! I say, sir, I am astonished, that a gentleman so learned and so astute as the gentleman from Knox—Mr. Mitchell—for whose talents I have so boundless a respect—upon whose integrity I place such implicit confidence—upon whose understanding I have relied with such boundless faith,—and who is, in general, so strong, so consistent, so bold, and so courageous an advocate for progress, for advancement and improvement, as well as for truth and morality in all the relations of public and private life, should urge the continuance of a form of action at once so fraught with fallacy, and so suggestive of untruth.

And now comes the defendant to this suit in Ejectment; and he is no less a personage than the celebrated, the ubiquitous—the perpetual Richard Roe—a person having, in regard to his perpetual succession—for he evidently succeeds himself—all the powers of a corporation. [Laughter.] He writes a letter to the tenant in possession, or the person claiming title, informing him, that he, the said omnipresent individual, to wit, Richard Roe, having been sued by the casual Ejector, advises the tenant in possession, or claimant of title, to make himself a defendant in his stead, or he, the said Richard, will be under the disagreeable necessity of suffering judgment to be rendered against him, by default, by which he, the tenant, must be turned out of the possession. To this he signs himself,—"Your loving friend, Richard Roe." [Laughter.]

There is another objection to this form of action. It bars nothing, and ten or twenty suits may be brought upon the same cause of action, and still it is no nearer concluded than it was before.

Mr. Stanbery—in his seat—You can file a bill in chancery.

Mr. Morris—Yes,—but then another lawyer's fee must be paid. [Laughter.]

Sir, let us come back to first principles. Let us look to those doctrines which lie at the foundation of human liberty. Let us draw our wisdom from a rigid examination of our own condition. The fathers of our liberty in seventy-six did not look to Great Britain as their model.—Had they done so, where would we be at this time? We should be colonies, instead of free, independent States. And now we are called upon to continue and carry out that reform then so gloriously begun. The platform is before us, and we have only to build upon it. Sir, let us begin by expelling from our Courts of Justice these suppressors of truth, and fathers of falsehood, John Doe and Richard Roe. [Applause.]

[We trust that the Legislatures of Pennsylvania and other States, will, ere long, appoint Commissioners, properly qualified, to root out the briars, straighten the paths, and drain the quagmires of that worst of all commons, the common law.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

The English Press in Russia.—On Wednesday, a gentleman, recently returned from Russia, exhibited at the reading-room of the Mechanics' Institution in Ipswich, copies of English newspapers which had been forwarded to him during his sojourn in that country. They bore upon them palpable marks of the rigid censorship exercised by the officials of the Czar over the English press. The ban is not confined to criticisms on Russian politics, but extends even to the slightest allusion to the domestic intelligence of the country. The process of obliteration is accomplished at the Post-Office, where the papers, upon their arrival, are narrowly scanned, and any article or paragraph considered objectionable is at once most effectually defaced, by having a band of black glutinous composition, the width of the column, spread over it. The papers exhibited consisted of two copies of *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, published in the months of October and November last, and they certainly presented a singular appearance to an English eye, the broad patches of impenetrable black imparting to them quite a pie-bald aspect. Fortunately, a file of the *Messenger* is kept at the Institution, and the curiosity of those present, as to the nature of the offending articles, was speedily gratified. One was an article, a column and a quarter in length, headed, "The Conspiracy of Russia and Austria against the Liberties of Germany." As this article commenced the second page, the whole of the first column was—for the sake of convenience, we suppose—cut away, and in this mutilated condition the paper reached its destination. Another condemned portion included a series of extracts from an article in the *Times* upon Russian farming; a third was an account of the Polish ball at Guildhall; another an announcement of the state of General Bem's health; and a fifth a paragraph of a fire in a forest in Poland.—*Suffolk Chronicle.*

Curious Scene.—At Huron, Erie county, Ohio, on the 3rd, there was a curious attempt at marriage. It appears that relations of intimate friendship had existed between Dr. ——— and Miss B———, for some two years, which resulted in their presenting themselves at the Episcopal Church, for the purpose of marriage. The first portion of the service, embracing the vows of the bridegroom, were promptly responded to by him. The covenant of the bride was then read by the clergyman, to which she promptly answered, "*No!*" The minister asked her if she was in earnest in what she said? "Yes, sir," said she, "he has perjured himself—trifled with the affections of others—and I have but done him justice!" And, turning round, she took a gentleman's arm, and left the church. The Doctor says he don't understand it, and declares his innocence.

Mrs. Judson.—Mrs. Judson (Fanny Forester) the Missionary, in a letter of 13th October, gives the unpleasant intelligence that her health has become so impaired "by continued disease for the last five months," that "there is but little hope of permanent relief except in a return to America." She says, "with my three children and feeble health, I could do but little here, and it is better to withdraw and give my place to some person more favored of God. I have not determined on this course without the deepest pain; for I do love the mission cause; and the mission where my husband has labored, and where his associates have shown him so much kindness, is particularly dear to me."

A Scene in Court.—At Plaquemines, La., quite an amusing scene occurred in Court. Mrs. B———, the widow of a celebrated hero of a hundred battles in the South-West, whose prowess in arms has become famed throughout the world, appeared in Court to argue her own suit. She appeared in Court with a pistol and dirk plainly visible, and undertook her own case in a style that frightened the Judge, jury and lawyers almost into fits. Now and then her hand would wander very impressively in the direction of the weapons. It was expected she would gain her cause.

☞ There is a man whose hair is turned to bristles, in consequence of his having purchased a pot of hog's lard sold to him for bear's grease. Surely the Government, which interferes in matters of less moment, ought to look after this, or the venders of such things may take it into their heads to sell goose grease, and feathers become the fashion of the day.

☞ A man may look at glass, or through it, or both. Let all earthly things be unto thee as glass to see Heaven through! Religious ceremonies should be pure glass, not died in the gorgeous crimsons and purple blues and greens of the drapery of saints and saintesses.—*Coleridge.*

THE STORMS AND STARS OF MARCH.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, L. L. D.

March is the voice, and loud the war
 Of storms in that ungenial time,
When leaving Southern lands afar,
 The Sun wakes up our Northern clime.
The long white surges of the deep,
 Then break on every wailing shore,
And foaming down each rocky steep,
 The mountain torrents rage and roar.

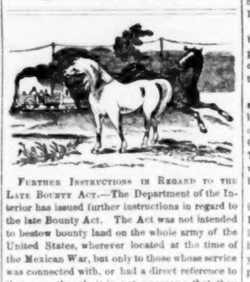
Like rapiers driven with vengeful thrust,
 On breast and brow the cold winds beat,
And rushing hail, or troubled dust,
 Sweeps the rough road and echoing street.
The groaning woods are bleak and bare,
 The violet slumbers yet unseen,
And those wild fields and pastures wear
 No welcome tints of early green.

But God, with all a father's love,
 When earth thus reft of beauty lies,
Reveals in blazing pomp above,
 The wonder of His radiant skies;
Look thou on night's refulgent arch,
 When that rude hour thy gladness mars,
And thou shalt find in raging March,
 The month at once of storms and stars.

For lo! the Great Orion burns,
 Descending in the cloudless West,
And red Arcturus now returns,
 Beaming at eve a sacred guest;
Far up, in circles broad and bright,
 The Ram and Lion move and shine,
While Sirius lifts his orb of light,
 And fills our hearts with thoughts divine.

Thus, even thus, when storms arise,
 And all is dark and joyless here,
He sets before our longing eyes
 The glories of that lofty sphere;
When sorely tried we grieve alone,
 Or sink beneath Oppression's rod,
He whispers from His starry throne,
 "Look up, oh, man! and trust in God."

General News.



Further Instructions in Regard to the Late Bounty Act.—The Department of the Interior has issued further instructions in regard to the late Bounty Act. The Act was not intended to bestow bounty land on the whole army of the United States, wherever located at the time of the Mexican War, but only to those whose service was connected with, or had a direct reference to that war, though it is not necessary that they should have been within the limits of Mexico. The disturbances on the South-Western Frontier in 1836, in the Cherokee Country in 1836 and 1837, and the New York disturbances in 1838 and 1839, are not considered as embraced by the provisions of the Act of September, 1850. Teamsters and artificers who belonged to the army, and were regularly detached for that particular service, are entitled to bounty land. The substitute performing the military service, and not the employer, is entitled to the land bounty; when the engagement is partly performed by both, each is entitled to his share according to the period of service. In all applications hereafter to be made, it will be required that the claimant shall state in his *declaration* that he has not received nor is entitled to receive bounty land under any other Act of Congress, such persons being excluded under the Act of 1850. Widows are entitled to the land bounty of deceased soldiers, if they are widows at the *passage of the Act of September 28th, 1850*. This is the law in its general application. But the widow of an officer or soldier *killed in battle* is entitled to the *maximum* allowed of one hundred and sixty acres, without reference to the period of her husband's service. And, although a married woman at the passage of the act, *if unmarried at the date of her application*, her claim is valid.

Up to the present period, *one hundred thousand applications* have been received. The office, with all its force, has only been able to issue between seven and eight thousand warrants on declarations received in October and early in November. Some time therefore must elapse before the numerous claims which arrived in November and early in December can be finally acted on. From five hundred to a thousand warrants are daily received. The office is now issuing between a thousand and twelve hundred warrants a week; but more than *eighteen months* must elapse before the claims now on hand can be disposed of, or matured into the form of warrants.

Testing the Galleries of the Crystal Palace.—An interesting account of the operation of testing the galleries of the Crystal Palace, in the presence of the Queen, Prince Albert and a distinguished party, is given in the columns of the Illustrated London News. The first experiment was made by placing a dead load of forty-two thousand pounds, consisting of three hundred workmen, on the floor and adjoining approaches; the second test was that of crowding the men together in the smallest possible space. In both cases, no effect was produced on the flooring. The third experiment consisted in the same number of men walking first in regular step, and afterwards in irregular step, and afterwards running over the floor, and was also satisfactory. When the fourth experiment was made, the same body of men, closely packed together, jumped up and down for some time. The greatest amount of deflection was found not to exceed a quarter of an inch at any interval.

Fresh Water Frozen Beneath the Sea.—Fresh water was found frozen into solid ice in the lead which conveys the Cochituate water under the sea water of Boston Harbor to East Boston, and which pipe is 36 feet below the surface of the water. The explanation of the phenomena is, that fresh water freezes at 32 deg., F., while sea water requires a reduction of temperature 4½ deg. lower, or to 27½ deg., before it solidifies. Thus, the salt water was doubtless cooled, below the freezing point of pure water, and conducted away the heat from the lead pipe, so as to lower its temperature sufficiently to cause a film of ice to form on the inside of the pipe, and by successive layers of ice the pipe was gradually filled.

Prussian Law.—A singular instance of the mode in which judicial penalties are carried into effect in Prussia, is announced in the Berlin papers. The editor of a Democratic journal was recently condemned to four months' imprisonment; but pleading ill health as an excuse for not submitting to the penalty, it was decreed that he should be examined by the Medical Superintendent of Prisons, Dr. Casper, who made his report, whereupon it was decided that the condemned person should submit to a system of alternation and freedom—that is, he is to go into and remain in jail four days, and then come out for eight days, and so on until the whole period of four months' imprisonment shall be made good.

A World's Fair in 1852.—We are to have a World's Fair here—on Governor's Island—in 1852. The matter is in good hands, and is quietly, but none the less surely, walking towards completion. The Astor House has subscribed $5,000 towards the expenses of it, the Irving House $5,000, the New York Hotel $5,000 and other hotels in proportion to their means. A number of our wealthy merchants have already subscribed, or have signified their willingness to subscribe, whenever the money is absolutely wanted.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

The Pacific Road.—The Missouri Republican says, that the Pacific Railroad will be commenced at an early day, and prosecuted with energy, although the grant of lands asked from Congress has been refused. It adds that there is already an actual capital of more than three millions provided for the commencement of the road. Three routes have been surveyed and reported to the Directors, but it is uncertain as yet which of them, if either, will be adopted.

Kidnappers Sentenced.—The notorious kidnapper, Alberti, has been sentenced by Judge Parsons to an imprisonment of ten years and a fine of $1,000, for kidnapping a free colored child. His confederate, Price, was sentenced to eight years, and a fine of $700. These gentlemen may not be very well pleased with their sentences, but it may be some consolation to them to know that every body else is.

Blowing Glass.—The secret of blowing great glass bubbles, like the decanter which the French intend to exhibit at the World's Fair, consists simply in moistening the mouth with a little water before blowing. The water is converted, in the interior of the drop, into steam, which vastly aids the breath in extending the dimensions of the "bell."

Rosin in Lamp Oils.—The addition of a small quantity of rosin to lamp oils greatly increases their illuminating power, and renders them less liable to coagulate. The fact is stated on the authority of Appleton's Mechanics' Magazine.

POLITICAL NEWS.

The "secret ballot" law has been carried through the Senate of the State of Massachusetts, by a coalition majority. It obliges every voter to seal his ballot up in an envelope before putting it into the ballot box—the State to furnish the envelopes.

New York U. S. Senator.—Hamilton Fish has been elected U. S. Senator for six years' ensuing. The vote in the Senate stood—Fish 16; all others 12. In the House, Fish 68, Dix 6. Mr. Fish is of the Seward stripe of the Whig party.

The election in Ohio next October will be an important one. The new constitution, just framed, is to be submitted to a vote of the people on the third Tuesday of June, and, if approved, elections will take place under it the second Tuesday in October, at which time a Governor, Lieut. Governor, Legislature, five Supreme Judges, a large number of District Judges, Clerks of Courts, and all county officers are to be elected.

Ohio and the Fugitive Act.—The House of Representatives of Ohio, on the 12th inst., passed the following resolution, relative to the Fugitive Slave Law, by a vote of 40 to 20:—"That our Senators in Congress be instructed, and our Representatives requested, to use all honorable means to obtain an immediate repeal, modification or amendment, of the act of Congress, usually styled the Fugitive Slave Law, approved September 18, 1850."

Gen. Cass's "Noise and Confusion" Speech at Cleveland, Ohio, was lately denied by the Washington Union on the strength of letters from the editor of the Cleveland Plaindealer, and a Mr. Wilson, both of whom stated that they were present and did not hear any such language. The Cleveland Herald, however, produces from the Cleveland Plaindealer of the date alluded to, a report of the speech containing the identical paragraph. The Herald also produces from a subsequent issue of the same paper another paragraph in which the editor says:—"We did not happen to hear the General while here." The General himself, in his late speech in the Senate on the subject, did not expressly deny it, but merely asked whether any one believed it.

Rate of Interest.—The Senate of Wisconsin has passed a bill, limiting the rate of interest to 12 per cent.

Free Negroes in Delaware.—An act passed by the Delaware Legislature, at its late session, provides for the binding out of all free negro children between certain ages to some useful trade or avocation.

Mr. Calhoun's Works, the South Carolinian says, are now stereotyped so far as the first volume, which will comprise Mr. C.'s elaborate Disquisition on Government, and a Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the U. States. The whole series, together with his biography, written by Mr. Cralle, will, it is thought, be embraced in six volumes.

Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire, died at Washington City, on Saturday, aged about 70 years. He leaves a widow and three sons to lament his loss. He had long filled a conspicuous place in the politics of New Hampshire; and some years ago was one of the most popular and unpopular men in the country.

Passage of the "Reform" Militia Bill.—The Senate of New York have passed a Bill changing the Militia System of New York State, as it at present exists. Its most onerous provision—the annual trainings—is stricken out, and other reforms incorporated. The Bill ordains that—

"All able bodied men, who are citizens, between eighteen and forty-five years of age, shall be the militia. That the assessors of each ward shall make an accurate register of all who are liable to do such duty. That no parades shall be held, and no fines be exacted. That encouragement shall be given to uniformed, drilled, and equipped companies, all of which collectively throughout the State shall be designated as the National Guard. Privileges and immunities are secured to these. The great object of this is not only to have the militia in readiness for war, insurrection, or invasion, but to rely for the protection of the public order in time of peace on volunteer associations. Nearly all the Senators voted for the Bill."

It goes next to the Assembly, where there is little doubt it will be as favorably received.—*N. Y. Express.*

The proposed new Constitution of New Hampshire, abolishing *religious tests* and *property qualifications*, was voted down at the late election by an overwhelming majority. The Democratic party almost unanimously voted against it, what support it received being from the Whigs and Free Soilers. Queer.

New Hampshire.—The state of parties in the Legislature just elected, will, according to the Concord Patriot, be as follows—Democrats 137, Whigs and Free Soilers 130, Atwood Democrats 13.

Kidnapping.—A colored man, named Thomas Hall, was recently kidnapped in West Caln, Chester Co. The door of his house was broken open at night, Hall felled to the earth with a bludgeon, and then carried off in his night clothes. His wife received several severe blows, and on making for the door, was told that if she attempted to go out or halloa, she would have her brains blown out. She, however, escaped through a back window, and gave the alarm—but before any person arrived upon the ground, they had fled with their victim.

Clippings.

☞ The Austrian Catholic party contemplates a peaceable movement of Catholic States for the recovery of Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Mahometans—to be made over to the Catholic Church. The object probably is to create a religious excitement which will turn the attention of the people from politics. Prince Schwartzenberg, it is said, is not over-zealous in the cause of the Austrian Pietists, and will probably suppress the whole plan, as soon as it becomes politically inconvenient.

☞ Incorrigibly Happy.—In one of Addison's plays, the undertaker reproves one of his mourners for laughing at a funeral, and says to him—"You rascal, you! I have been raising your wages for these two years, upon condition that you should appear more sorrowful, and the higher wages you receive, the happier you look!"

☞ The London Times.—The house of Rothschild is said to be chief proprietor of this world-renowned journal.

☞ A Small Babel.—The people of Austria speak 17 different languages.

☞ At Dublin, the prize offered by Professor Anderson, was gained by the author of the following conundrum: Why is a timid young girl like a ship coming into Dublin harbor? Ans.—Because she endeavors to keep clear of the boys, (buoys.)

☞ Several arrivals from France have brought large quantities of French potatoes, reported to be of an excellent quality; and even some cargoes from the same fertile country have, we observe, reached Ireland. To think of Ireland and the United States importing potatoes—and from France, too!

☞ Dr. Judson received between four and five thousand dollars as a present for his services as interpreter during the English and Burman war, the whole of which he placed at the disposal of the Baptist Board for Missionary purposes. He also received nearly fourteen hundred dollars for the memoir of his second wife, which, with self-sacrificing devotion, he also laid upon the altar, and died a poor man.

☞ Mr. Mitchell, the Edinburgh engraver, intends sending to the Exhibition a piece of gold so small that an ordinary pin's head will cover it; yet it contains the whole of the Lord's Prayer.

☞ Did you ever know a Bishop or Doctor of Divinity, who was fond of quoting the text, "*Be ye not called Rabbi?*"

☞ The Grand Jury of Massachusetts have indicted the persons charged with aiding in the late Fugitive Slave rescue. This jury comes from different parts of the State.

☞ In no way in the world could I be induced to give up the happiness of believing in a future continuance of existence. Yes, I might say with Lorenzo de Medici, that "all those who hope for no other life, are dead even in this."—*Goethe.*

☞ Three fine ships have been recently destroyed by the spontaneous combustion of their bituminous coal, which was used for fuel.

☞ The Eboe (African) woman who gives birth to twins is regarded as an especial object of Fetiche wrath, and becomes for the rest of her life an outcast. To hold up two fingers, or to call her Abo-wadakri (mother of twins) is the greatest affront that can be offered to an Eboe woman. Another prejudice, equally curious, is that which causes them to sacrifice all children who cut their first tooth in their upper jaw.—This they believe to be the premonitory of a savage disposition.

☞ A Clock for Sixty Cents.—Mr. Chauncey Jerome, of New Haven, Conn., has actually made a time-piece, which he will warrant to keep good reckoning, and which he sells for sixty cents, at wholesale, and one dollar at retail. The works are all made of brass. He makes upwards of eight hundred a day of these articles.

☞ The Gold Bluff Bubble.—The Placer Times calls the Gold Bluff excitement an audacious deception. The effort is made by speculators to keep up the excitement, but the thing is decidedly dead, and those who were caught are decidedly "done."

☞ Lay it down as a rule, never to smile, nor in any way show approval or merriment, at *any* trait in a child which you should not wish to grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength.—*Mrs. E. C. Allen.*

☞ The rumor that Secretary Corwin had decided that the late Tariff Act does *not* include freights among the charges on which duty is to be levied, is pronounced an error. He has not yet decided the question. Doubtless, whatever be the decision, it will be carried up to the Supreme Court for final settlement.

☞ Slanderous.—A fellow, belonging in Philadelphia, after visiting Boston, told some one that the streets here were so crooked, that travellers, when in a hurry, never take a carriage at the depots, because they can go twice the distance on foot, while coaches are turning the corners! That fellow had better not come this way again, unless he is anxious his friends shall read of "Another Man Missing."—*Boston paper.*

☞ The individual is now in this city, who attended the theatre in Chicago, during the performance of the *Forty Thieves*, and got up a row in the theatre, and wanted his money back, because he counted but thirty-nine.—*Detroit Free Press.*

☞ It is announced that a scientific physician of Paris has just discovered a method of curing, instantaneously, and without disturbing any organ, all Neuralgic affections of the head, attacks of megrim, and pains resulting from teeth in an advanced state of decay. What renders this discovery truly marvellous, is the promptness, at once, of the cure, and its perfect success in more than two hundred cases.

☞ I heard a genuine Yankee story from one of the party on deck. I was inquiring if the Hudson was frozen up or not during the Winter? This led to a conversation as to the severity of the Winter, when one man, by way of proving how cold it was, said, "Why, I had a cow on my lot up the river, and last Winter she got in among the ice, and was carried down three miles before I could get her out again. The consequence has been that she has milked nothing but ice-cream ever since."

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States; assisted by *J. R. Smith, J. T. Dent, James Taylor, Perrin Locke, W. Ramsey, Dr. Josh'a Wadsworth, Alex. R. Laws.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama, and Tennessee.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent, assisted by *William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, John T. Jenkins, P. Locke, Jas. Button, Geo. F. Button, and Thos. D. Nice.*

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JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. and collects for us in New York and the Canadas.

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MAHAN'S FASHION PLATE for the Spring and Summer of 1851 is a magnificent affair. Besides a number of fancy pictures it has good likenesses of Mr. A. ROOT, the well known daguerreotypist, JENNY LIND, P. T. BARNUM, MILLARD FILLMORE, HENRY CLAY, and JOHN C. CALHOUN. Mr. MAHAN says it is his design to exhibit the plate at the World's Fair in London. Should he do so he will undoubtedly take the premium. Tailors who wish to succeed in business will do well to subscribe for Mahan's Fashions, else they will find themselves behind the times. From the *Cannonsville Courier of Crawford co. Pa., of March 1848.* ♦

Giddiness and Dizziness.—Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are one of the best medicines in the world for the cure of giddiness; because they purge from the body those stagnant and corrupt humors which, when floating in the general mass of the circulation, are the cause of a determination or rush of blood to the head, giddiness, headache, loss of memory, dimness of sight, drowsiness, pain of the head, and many other symptoms of a loaded and corrupt state of the blood.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are also one of the very best medicines for the cure of indigestion, and therefore will most assuredly restore the body to a state of sound health.

For sale by agents in all parts of the United States and Canadas.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.
No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6s '56	107	—	Southwark	73	—
" '62	111	—	Kensington	63	—
" '67	115½	116	P Township	30	—
" '68	115¼	116¼	Girard	13½	13¾
" 5s '53	101½	102	Western	65	66
" 5s '51	95	—	Man & Mechs	28	28¼
Jan 1st off			Bk of Com	50	—
U S Tr N 6s	—	—	Camden N J	53	—
" 1 mill	—	—	Germantown	54	55
Philada 6s	104½	105	Tren Bk Co	35	—
" 5s	92	93	Pitts'bg Bk	52	—
" " Gas	—	—	M & M Pitts	52	—
County 5s	95½	96	Echange, Pitts	51	
Penna 6s	102	102½	Com, Cin	15	—
" 5s	93½	93½	Louis, Ky	103	—
Kentucky 6s	105	—	Kentucky Bk	105½	106
Tennessee 5s	83	83½	Northern	111	—
Illinois 6s	61	64	Union, Tenn	71	—
Cincinnati 6s	97	97½	Planters, Tenn	—	70
TexasT Notes	35	40	Vicksburg	17½	18
" bds 8s	50	60	Com. Natchez	—	—
Schuyl N 6s	47½	48	N O Gas Bk	112	115
" Int	—	—	Schuyl Nav	17	17½
Lehigh N 6s	83	84	Lehigh Nav	36½	37
" 1st loan	82	—	C & Del Cl	104½	105
" Mort 6s	90	90	Morris Cl	19	19½
C & D Cl 6s	98	98½	Penn&Ohio Cl	33	36
C & Am R bds	97	98	Union Cl	14½	14½
Bea Mdw R 6s	75	—	Cam & Am R	130	—
Susqueh Cl 6s	61	63	Penna R	43½	44
Norrist'n R 6s	95	—	Bea Mdw R	16	18
Harris R 6s	92½	93	Lykens Val R	15	—
Wil R 6s	93½	94	North Am Cl	16	16½
Read R 6s	79	79½	Susqueh Cl	16	16½
" Mort 6s	81	82	Norristown R	36	36½
U S Bk Notes	90	—	Harrisburg R	46½	47
U S Bk Shares	1¾	2	Wilmington R	30	31
N Amer Bk	139½	140	Reading R	29	29½
Penna Bk	110	113½	Minehill R	66½	67
Philadelphia	138	140	N Liberty Gas	22	25
Far & Mec	70½	71	Flem Copper	1	—
Commercial	61½	62	N J Copper	1	—
N Liberty	52	—	N W Min Co	25	—
Mechanics	30	30¼			

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY R. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS,
No. 26 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 29, 1851.

PENNSYLVANIA.		**CONNECTICUT.**	
Philadelphia banks	par	All solvent banks	½ dis
U S bank notes	13 dis	**MASSACHUSETTS.**	
Chambersburg	½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
York	½ dis	Pawtucket bk	failed
Berks county	no sale	Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis	**RHODE ISLAND.**	
Carlisle	½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale	Phœnix bk, Westerly stolen notes	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis	**CANADA.**	
Pittsburg	½ dis	Montreal	3½ dis
Waynesburg	½ dis	**VIRGINIA.**	
Washington	½ dis	Bk of Va & branches	½ dis
Erie	1½ dis	Far bk & branches	½ dis
Susquehanna co'nty	failed	Valley bk & branch	½ dis
Lebanon	par	Ex bk & branches	½ dis
Lehigh county bk	no sale	Wheeling	1 dis
Towanda	no sale	**NORTH CAROLINA.**	
Honesdale	½ dis	All solvent banks	1 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis	Small notes	1½ dis
West Branch	par	**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
Wyoming	par	So West R R	1 dis
Middletown	½ dis	All solvent banks	1 dis
Northampton	no sale	Small notes	1½ dis
Schuylkill Haven	par	**GEORGIA.**	
Pottsville	par	Bk of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Danville	par	Central bk of Mill	1½ dis
Relief notes	½a1 dis	Georgia R R Co	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.		Ruckersville bkg co	——
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford,	par	All solvent banks	1 dis
Plainfield	closed	Small notes	1½ dis
State bk at Morris	failed	**ALABAMA.**	
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Or'nge, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis	Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Farmers and Mech. bk, N. Brun.,	½ dis	Country banks	3 dis
N Hope, Del Bridge	failed	**MISSISSIPPI.**	
Yard. Del Br'ge co	10 dis	All banks	uncertain
DELAWARE.		**LOUISIANA.**	
All solvent banks	par	All solvent bks	1 dis
Del City bk under5's	½ dis	**FLORIDA.**	
Other small	½ dis	So. Life & Trust Co	——
MARYLAND.		**OHIO.**	
Baltimore banks	½ dis	Bk of Wooster	80 dis
Mineral bank	½ dis	Bk Norwalk	75 dis
Salisbury	uncertain	Com bk of Scioto	15 dis
Cecil bank	½ dis	All solvent bks	1 dis
Frederick county	½ dis	Small notes	1½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis	**KENTUCKY.**	
Washington county	½ dis	All solvent bks	1 dis
Hagerstown	½ dis	Small notes	1½ dis
Havre-de-Grace	failed	**INDIANA.**	
Far & Millers bk	no sale	State bank	1 dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Small notes	1½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis	**ILLINOIS.**	
NEW YORK.		Bank of Illinois	80 dis
City banks	par a ½ dis	State bank	70 dis
Country banks	½ dis	Bank of Cairo	——
MAINE.		**MISSOURI.**	
All solvent banks	½ dis	All solvent bks	1 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		**TENNESSEE.**	
All solvent banks	½ dis	All solvent bks	2½ dis
VERMONT.		Bk East Tenn.	10 dis
Bank of St Albans	½ dis	**MICHIGAN.**	
All solvent banks	½ dis	Bk of St Clair	no sale
		Far's & Mech's	3½ dis
		Gov. Stock bk	uncertain
		ARKANSAS.	
		All banks	no sale
		WISCONSIN.	
		Mineral Point	——
		Bank of Milwaukie	——
		IOWA.	
		Miners bank	——

NEW YORK MARKETS, MARCH 22.

Breadstuffs—Flour—Western and State continued dull, and the market for the latter favored buyers. The inquiry has been very moderate, and the sales did not exceed 4,000 bbls, at $4,25 to 4,31 for No. 2 superfine; $4,44a4,50 for State; $4,62a4,75 for Indiana, Michigan and Ohio; $4,62a4,87 for New Orleans and pure Genesee; and other brands at previous prices. Of Canadian, 300 bbls sold at $4,62, in bond. Southern was less plenty, and firm at $4,62 a4,75 for common to straight; and $5 to 5,50 for fancy, at which 800 bbls changed hands. Rye Flour was scarce, with sales of 108 bbls at $3,37a3,44. Nothing transpired in Meal.

Wheat moved to the extent of 2,500 bushels, Ohio, at $1,04; and 2,500 bushels Genesee, at private bargain. Nothing was done in Rye, which was held at 78c, cash. Barley was much wanted, at $1,15a1,25. Oats were in request, at 47 to 49c for Jersey, and 50 to 52 for Northern. Corn was rather quiet, and prices were depressed. About 10,000 bushels sold at 65 to 65½ cents for new Southern yellow; besides which, 35,000 bushels were being shipped for Liverpool from first hands.

Cotton—The sales to-day were about 2,300 bales—the full rates of yesterday being well sustained, in consequence of telegraphic advices of a falling off in the receipts at Charleston, where they have been unexpectedly heavy for the supposed crop of the State. The advices per Franklin did not meet public expectation, and as there were no transactions made after 'Change, their effect on the market remains to be seen.

Provisions—Pork—There was more firmness in the market to-day, and rather more inquiry from the trade; sales of 600 bbls were made, at $12,75a12,87 for old Mess, $13.25 for new; $10 for old Prime; and $11,25a11,50 for new. Besides the above, 1,500 bbls old Mess were rumored sold at $12,87. Beef was steady, with sales of 200 bbls in lots, at $9a11 for Mess, and $5a6 for Prime. Prime Mess dull, at $15a16. Beef Hams were inactive, at $15. Of Cut Meats, 150 tcs changed hands at 5¾ and 6¾ respectively for Hams and Shoulders. Lard was quiet, at 8¾a8¾ cts. with a limited business. Nothing new in Butter or Cheese.

ALMANAC.

March, 1851.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES	D. H. M.
29 Saturday	5 49	6 11	12 8		
30 Sunday	5 48	6 12	12 51		
31 Monday	5 46	6 14	1 34		
1 Tuesday	5 45	6 15	2 5		
2 Wed'sday	5 44	6 16	2 38	New	1 1 27
3 Thursday	5 42	6 18	3 21	First	9 1 59
4 Friday	5 41	6 19	4 7	Full	15 5 34
5 Saturday	5 40	6 20	4 55	Last	23 2

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
March 16,	35	43	40
17,	35	36	36
18,	36	37	39
19,	37	43	44
20,	36	40	43
21,	38	44	47
22,	38	48	52

Marriages.

On the 20th inst. at Christ Church, by the Rev. Dr. Dorr, James M. Gillilan, to Eliza W. daughter of the late Hugh F. Hollingshead, of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Mr. William W. Ridley, of Montgomery county, Pa. to Miss Mary J. Quinn, of Philadelphia.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. John C. Clay, Mr. John Sherwood, to Miss Susan Mcintyre, all of Southwark.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. John Coleman, D. D., Mr. James T. Carpenter, to Miss Mary Arbuckle, both of Port Penn, Del.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. William Ramsey, Mr. Francis Graham, to Miss Elizabeth Linton, both of Philadelphia.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Lewis Cheesman, Mr. John Neill, to Miss Mary Jane, daughter of G. Porter, both of Kingsessing Township.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Wylie, Mr. William Hill, of Baltimore, to Miss Jane Woodside, of this city.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. Adam S. Hinkle, to Miss Sarah M. Sill, all of Southwark.

On the 23d of Dec. last, Mr. Henry C. Shenkman, to Miss Hannah S. Culp, all of this city.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Winters, of Roxborough, William Bryan, of Del. county, to Anne Williams, of Roxborough Township, Philadelphia county.

On the 5th inst. by Robert Guestina, Esq., Mr. Edward H. Rossiter, of Salem, N. J. to Mrs. Harriet D. Vallentine, of Philadelphia.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. F. R. Anspach, Edwin Kirkpatrick, to Miss Catharine Amanda, daughter of the late Elisha Warne, all of this city.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Barns, the Rev. Samuel G. Hare, of the Philadelphia Annual Conference, to Miss Sarah, daughter of Wm. Zane, of South Easton, Pa.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Grant, Mr. Franklin B. Alexander, to Miss Rhoda M. Drake, both of Spring Garden.

On the 18th instant, at St. Philip's Church, by the Rev. C. D. Cooper, Samuel R. Keesle, to Mary Lorina, daughter of the late F. L. Desanque.

At Brooklyn, L. I. on the 13th inst. by the Rev. J. Crawford, Henry H. Huber, formerly of this city, to Eliza, daughter of Saml. Sweetser, Esq. of the former place.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. Joseph Mason, M. Robert Armstrong, to Miss Sarah Scott, both of Philadelphia.

On the 11th instant, in this city, by the Rev. T. J. Thompson, Mr. Elijah Crosley, of Kent county, Md. to Miss Martha Ann Dudley, of the same county.

Deaths.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. Charlotte J. wife of De Witt C. Morris, aged 27 years.

On the 14th inst. Robert Wright, Printer, aged 55 years.

On the 18th inst. Mr. Samuel Crossman, aged 74.

On the 19th inst. Emeline, wife of Charles Shaw, aged 26 years.

On the 19th inst. Mr. James P. Parker, aged 48.

On the 18th inst. Mr. Mellin Grubb, aged 53.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. Mary Gay, aged 71.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Dotts, aged 72.

At Frankford, on the 19th inst. Dorothy Rooker, aged 67 years.

On the 18th inst. Mr Jacob Shields, aged 43.

On the 14th inst. Mr. Alexander Noble, aged 43.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. Henrietta, widow of the late C. T. Potts, aged 45 years.

On the 19th inst. Alexander, son of Anthony and Susan Rutner, Jr. of Newtown.

On the 13th inst. John News, aged 3 years.

On the 19th inst. Elizabeth daughter of Jas. and Catharine Rhoades.

On the 19th inst. James Patrick, son of Bernard and Bridget Kirlin, aged 2 years and 2 months.

On the 18th inst. Mr. Thomas G. Brown, aged 34.

On the 18th inst. Thomas Lovett, aged 50.

On the 18th inst. Mr. Jacob Moyer, aged 73.

On the 18th inst. Jacob, son of Jacob and Isabella Kritzer, aged 6 months.

On the 18th inst. William, son of John and Margaret Coster, aged 1 year.

On the 17th inst. Henrietta, daughter of Anna E. and P. V. Mathews, aged 18 months.

On the 17th inst. Eliza Parker, aged 66 years.

On the 16th inst. Charles, son of Geo. and Mary R. Howell, aged 2 years.

On the 18th inst. Thomas Nevins, son of Dr. C. H. Campbell, aged 6 months.

On the 17th inst. Isaiah Reeves, aged 80 years.

On the 17th inst. Ann C. wife of Joel M. Hopper, aged 54 years.

On the 18th inst. David Lake, aged 83 years.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. Catharine Prince, aged 60.

On the 17th inst. Richard Reynolds, aged 50.

On the 18th inst. Elizabeth, daughter of Jas. and Agnes Sconler, aged 7 years.

On the 17th inst. Amanda, daughter of Enos and Susan Davis, aged 17 months.

At Bristol, on the 17th inst. Lewis Pratt, son of C. G. and Elizabeth Johnson, aged 3 years and 2 months.

On the 18th inst. Thomas, son of William H. and Sarah L. Meyers, aged 5 years.

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FOR NOT BEING ABLE TO WRITE.

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THE FOLLOWING IS FROM the New York Evening Mirror, May 25, 1849.

"WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.—Among all the Panaceas advertised for the cure of human ailments there is none in which we have more confidence than 'Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.' We regard it as one of Nature's own preparations—simple, safe, pleasant to take, and almost certain to cure all bilious and pulmonary affections. We have witnessed its wonderful effects, in cases that were regarded as hopelessly desperate, and we can conscientiously recommend it as one of the best medicines in the world."

The following is from a very respectable source:
Boston, Nov. 27, 1848.

Mr. S. W. Fowle,—Dear Sir. Although averse to having my name made public in the newspapers, I make this unsolicited statement, and you are at liberty to make use of it as you may please. In the fall of 1847, I took a violent cold, which brought on a severe cough that lasted through the winter and spring, and caused me to raise blood and phlegm continually, day and night, which greatly reduced me in flesh and strength; I tried several kinds of medicine, with little or no effect; I had become feeble and emaciated, and began to despair of ever getting relief, when by advice of my friends, I was induced to try Dr. Wistar's Wild Cherry Balsam, and after having taken five bottles I found myself nearly or quite well, and to this alone, I think I owe present existence. I shall be happy to give further information to any one who will call on me.

Respectfully yours,
WILLIAM WHEELER, Grocer,
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For sale by the gross or dozen, by Linn Smith & Co. No. 8 North 3d street. Also, by Chas. Schaffer, Market street, and Fredk. Brown, 5th and Chesnut, Philadelphia; by A. B. & D. Sands, New York, and by Canby & Bartlett, Baltimore.

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MORE NEWS FOR THE SICK.
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COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
☞ *The Original and Genuine Preparation.* ☜
☞ CONSUMPTION, ☜

COUGHS, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Liver Complaint, Spitting of Blood, Difficulty of Breathing, Pain in the Side and Breast, Palpitation of the Heart, Influenza, Croup, Broken Constitution, Sore Throat, and all Diseases of the Throat, Breast and Lungs.

A TRULY WONDERFUL CURE!
READ THIS EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

Dr. Swayne: Dear Sir—Having contracted a severe cold, which settled upon my lungs, attended with a violent cough, pain in my side and breast, difficulty of breathing, I was attended by physicians of the first respectability, but my symptoms became very alarming, there was an abscess in my lungs and made its way through my side, and discharged large quantities of puss externally, so that my physician thought the power of functions of one of my lungs were totally destroyed—therefore supposed the case entirely hopeless. This mournful state of things continued for a long time, until I was wasted and worn to a skeleton, I had tried a number of remedies, but all failed to do any good. But there still being a spark of hope left with me and my anxious parents, and having heard of the great virtues of your COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, and its being approved of by physicians of the first eminence, I concluded to make a trial of it, and to my great satisfaction, my cough gradually grew better, the hole in my side began to heal, and I am now happy to say, from a poor and almost hopeless skeleton, I have become healthy, and weigh more than I ever have. All my neighbors can testify to the above fact. Abraham Hunsicker,
Two miles from Skippackville, Skippack Township, Penn.

Look well to the marks of the Genuine.

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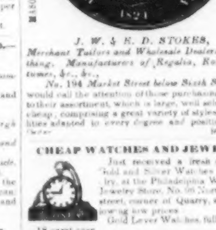

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would call the attention of those purchasing Regalia to their assortment, which is large, well selected and cheap, comprising a great variety of styles and qualities adapted to every degree and position in the Order. jan18-tf

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Just received a fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches and Jewelry, at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96 North Second street, corner of Quarry, at the following low prices:

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat case,	$28.00
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" Desert Spoons, do. do.	10.00
" Table Spoons, do. do.	15.00

Watch Glasses, best quality, plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25 cents. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. On hand a large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, fine Gold Jewelry and Silver Ware.

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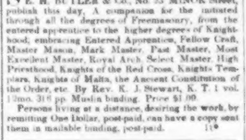

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IN OFFERING TO THE COMMUNITY this justly celebrated remedy for diseases of the throat and lungs, it is not our wish to trifle with the lives or health of the afflicted, but frankly to lay before them the opinions of distinguished men and some of the evidences of its success, from which they can judge for themselves. We sincerely pledge ourselves to make no wild assertions or false statements of its efficacy, nor will we hold out any hope to suffering humanity which facts will not warrant.

Many *proofs* are here given, and we solicit an inquiry from the public into all we publish, feeling assured they will find them perfectly reliable, and the medicine worthy their best confidence and patronage.

From the distinguished Professor of Chemistry and Materia Medica, Bowdoin College.

Dear Sir: I delayed answering the receipt of your preparation, until I had an opportunity of witnessing its effects in my own family, or in the families of my friends.

This I have now done with a high degree of satisfaction, in cases both of adults and children.

I have found it, as its ingredients show, a powerful remedy for colds, and coughs, and pulmonary diseases. PARKER CLEAVELAND, M. D.
Brunswick, Me., Feb. 5, 1847.

From an Overseer in the Hamilton Mills, in this city.
Lowell, Aug. 10, 1849.

Dr. J. C. Ayer: I have been cured of the worst cough I ever had in my life by your "Cherry Pectoral," and never fail, when I have opportunity, of recommending it to others.

Yours, respectfully, S. D. EMERSON.

☞ Read the following, and see if this medicine is worth a trial. This patient had become very feeble, and the effect of the medicine was unmistakably distinct:—

United States Hotel, Saratoga Springs, July 5, 1849.

Dr. J. C. Ayer,—Sir: I have been afflicted with a painful affection of the lungs, and all the symptoms of settled consumption, for more than a year. I could find no medicine that would reach my case, until I commenced the use of your "Cherry Pectoral," which gave me gradual relief, and I have been steadily gaining my strength till my health is well nigh restored.

While using your medicine, I had the gratification of curing with it my reverend friend, Mr. Truman, of Sumpter District, who had been suspended from his parochial duties by a severe attack of bronchitis. I have pleasure in certifying these facts to you,

And am, sir, yours, respectfully,
J. F. CALHOUN, of South Carolina.

Prepared and sold by JAMES C. AYER, Practical Chemist, Lowell, Mass., and sold by Druggists everywhere. Price $1.00 per bottle. Six bottles for $5. mar15-6t

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURALGIA.—There is no remedy which is so universally successful in removing RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURALGIA, &c., as
JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE.

The following certificate was enclosed in a letter from Dr. King, the Family Physician of Mr. Bond, who vouches for its correctness.

Louisville, Clay County, Illinois, November 4th, 1847.

☞ Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—Having been afflicted with Rheumatism for eighteen years, and tried many physicians, and resorted to every remedy I could hear of, but without success, at length by the recommendation of Dr. King, I was induced to try your medicines. I used a part of a box of SANATIVE PILLS, and two bottles of your Alterative, and feel myself perfectly cured. The pain in my leg, (which was the seat of the disease) began to abate in a few hours after taking the Alterative.

Yours, &c., FRANKLIN BOND.

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM CURED.

Mr. James Freeman, Mingua, Camden Co., Mo., writes June, 1849.

☞ Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—With no little gratitude, I avail myself of the opportunity of returning you thanks for timely relief in the use of your Alterative, in a protracted case of Chronic Rheumatism of two year's standing. By strictly following your directions a speedy cure was effected at a small cost, as only eight bottles of Alterative were necessary to make a perfect cure. I sincerely recommend to the sick and afflicted, the value of this medicine, combined with efficiency and cheapness. Your medicines are really the poor man's friend. Yours, &c.
JAMES FREEMAN.

ANOTHER CASE.

Sharon, Whiteside Co., Ill., May 9, 1848.

☞ Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—I have been for five years most awfully afflicted with Rheumatism. I caught cold by going into the water, and was so bad that for nine months I could not move in my bed. I have had good doctors to attend me, but they all gave me up, and told me that I could not be cured. I also took a great many remedies without any good effect. I was thirteen years old when I was taken, and I am now eighteen, which makes five years that I was compelled to sit in the house.

Last fall I had chills and fever, which left me with a very bad cough and pains in my side, shoulder, leg, and hip-joint, so that I could scarcely rise up in my bed. I heard of your medicines, and sent to your agent and got one of your almanacs, and also a bottle of your Alterative, of which I have taken six bottles, and am now almost as well as ever I was in my life, except that my hip is stiff. I can prove the truth of the above by more than thirty people; I refer you, however, to Mr. J. M. Barker, and Mr. Job Dodge, your agents at Prophetstown, Illinois. GEO. H. BAXTER.

AND STILL ANOTHER CASE.

☞ INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—Statement of Mr. Patterson, carpet weaver, Frankford, Penna.

This is to certify, that in the fall of 1848, I had a very severe attack of acute or Inflammatory Rheumatism, which was confined more particularly to my lower extremities, by which I was not only confined to my bed, but was for a long time rendered perfectly helpless, and was unable, either by night or day, to obtain respite from most excruciating pains. My limbs, from my hip down, became enormously swollen, and were so sore and painful that I could not bear the least jar or have them moved. It appeared as though nothing which the doctors done for me would either subdue the disease or mitigate my sufferings. I gave up all hope of ever being able to walk again, for I thought if I should escape with my life, I would still forever remain a cripple. But, thank God, JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE was procured for me, of which I took a dozen bottles, and followed his directions for the treatment of Rheumatism, as given in his Medical Almanac, which has effectually cured me, and I now enjoy better health than I did previous to my having the Rheumatism, and have regained the perfect use of my limbs.

PETER PATTERSON.
Adams, near Main Street, Frankford, Pa.

Prepared and sold by Dr. D. JAYNE, 84 CHESNUT St., below Third Street. feb8-3m

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EXCHANGE BANKERS,
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It insinuates its balsamic properties into the pores of the head, nourishes the hair in its embryo state, cleanses it from scurf and dandruff, accelerates its growth, sustains it in maturity, and continues its possession of healthy vigor, silky softness, and luxurious redundancy to the latest period of human life.

The fact of the potent agent's august, its general use together with numerous testimonials constantly received in its favor, are authorities which stamp its superior excellence, and title over all attempts of a similar nature. Being universally preferred, its consequent success causes a host of imitations to start up—but try this once, and you will find its superiority.

Price 25 Cents—Large Bottles.

Caution.—Ask for the article by its full name—STORRS CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR, and see that it is so entitled upon the wrapper, and has the signature of Geo. F. Storrs. Never let dealers persuade you to use any other article as a substitute for it.

Prepared only by Geo. F. Storrs, No. 198 MARSHALL St. Principal Depot, No. 68 North Eighth Street. sep11-eowly

Sold Wholesale and Retail by C. H. Ring, N. York City, and Dexter & Nellegar, Albany, N. Y.

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The subscriber would invite the special attention of the public to his extensive assortment of goods in the above line, which he is prepared to sell at lower rates than heretofore offered. The stock is varied and handsome. Consisting in part of

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Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, Hunting Cases, 18 carats, heavy and good from	$50 to 120
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Gold Chains of every pattern and variety. Medallions, double and single glasses, a very handsome article suitable for Daguerreotypes. Necklaces, Bracelets, Pins and Rings, Garnets, Topaz, &c., Breast Pins of single and cluster stones, Rings of every variety and price. Ear-Rings do.

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This article especial care is taken to have the silver fine, and nothing is used for melting but half dollars, and the public may feel assured that they can get no better article nor at a lower price. Silver Tea Setts made to order.

Table, Dessert and Teaspoons of all prices according to weight.

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PLATED WARE.

A very superior article of plated Forks, Table and Dessert and Table and Teaspoons, Cake Baskets, Castors, Candlesticks, &c.

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Beautiful Pattern Tea Setts at low prices. Also, Urns and Water Kettles, Castor cut Bottles, very handsome, &c., all of which will be warranted to be what they are represented, and at the very lowest rates, as the subscriber is determined not to be undersold by any house in the country.

S. M. HOPPER,
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MORSE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF YELLOW DOCK ROOT.—We feel prompted by every principle of humanity, to make known to the world, the wonderful efficacy of this extraordinary preparation. Thousands have been relieved of a great amount of suffering, and many lives saved by the use of it. It is acknowledged by the best judges of medicine, to be the most elegant, scientific and salutary preparation now in use, and as a

DEPURATIVE REMEDY

seldom if ever equalled. It stands unrivalled for the cure of Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Canker, Scrofula, and all the various diseases arising from an

IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD.

ALSO ALL

BILIOUS COMPLAINTS,

and is used with unprecedented success in all cases of FEMALE WEAKNESS AND GENERAL DEBILITY. Strengthening the weakened body, giving tone to the various organs, and invigorating the entire system, and also for the cure of the

LIVER COMPLAINT, CATARRH, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, COUGHS, ETC.

Those affected with Chronic Diseases of whatever form, will find this medicine not only pleasant to the taste, but a certain cure, if it be within the power of remedial agents to affect their disease.

It is composed of medicines so happily combined, as to tend directly to give tone to the stomach and bowels, excite to healthy action the Liver and the whole Glandular System, allay Nervous Irritability, and promote the free action of the Lungs, thus rendering it applicable to all diseases of a

CHRONIC NATURE.

It is purely vegetable, and may be used in all climates, and at all seasons of the year.

Prepared only by C. MORSE & CO., at 162 Fountain Street, Providence, R. I., and sold by thousands all over the United States, Canada, &c.

General Agent—T. W. Dyott & Sons, 132 North Second Street, Sole Agents for Philadelphia, and General Wholesale Agents for the United States.
feb 1-1y

JOHN F. ORAM & Co.,
LADIES' SHOE MANUFACTURERS,
No. 37 North THIRD Street,
PHILADELPHIA,

WOULD call the attention of Merchants and Dealers generally, to their large assortment of Ladies' and Childrens' BOOTS and SHOES, manufactured of the best materials, and under their own superintendence. J. F. ORAM,
J. L. TAYLOR.

A variety of New Styles and Fancy SHOES constantly on hand. jan18-4m

IN QUART BOTTLES.
FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.

AMONG the many and important discoveries of this generation, is one whose fame will be written, as with a sunbeam, in the history of the past. SANDS' SARSAPARILLA stands forth alone, and by its own works proclaims its power—that mute eloquence so irresistibly affecting in the appeals of the suffering for relief, has been answered. Thousands of cases of disease have been cured by this invaluable medicine, such as are not furnished in the records of time. These things are not done in secret places, or in some unknown town, but are performed in our principal cities and public places. They are brought before the world to substantiate, beyond doubt, the *healing virtues* of this preparation, and the facts unfolded, although gigantic, are as plain as the light of day.

The Sarsaparilla is combined with the most effectual aids, the most salutary productions, the most potent simples of the vegetable kingdom; and its unprecedented success in the restoration to health of those who had long pined under the most distressing chronic maladies, has given it an exalted character—furnishing, as it does, evidence of its own intrinsic value, and recommending it to the afflicted in terms the afflicted only can know. It has been a most important desideratum in the practice of medicine, to obtain a remedy similar to this—one that would act on the liver, stomach, and bowels with all the precision and potency of mineral preparations, yet without any of their deleterious effects upon the vital powers of the system. Although possessed of powerful healing properties, it is entirely harmless, and will not injure the most delicate constitution. When in perfect health, no effect is produced by its use, except an increase of appetite; but when disease is seated in the frame, and carrying fast its victim along the path of life, then its mysterious influence is felt and seen; it enkindles new life and vigor and brings health and strength to the suffering and diseased.

SCROFULOUS AFFECTION OF THE EYES.
Winchester, Ky., Oct. 29, 1849.

A. B. & D. Sands—Gentlemen: I would not have presumed to write to you, it was not my duty to let the public know the almost miraculous effect your Sarsaparilla has had upon me. My limbs were covered with ulcerous sores, so that I could not walk during the whole spring and summer. In this situation I commenced the use of your Sarsaparilla, and after taking two bottles was entirely cured. I must also tell you of another wonderful cure. My brother was afflicted with this scrofula in the head, so bad his physician told him the loss of his sight was inevitable, and permanent blindness seemed to be his fate. Three bottles entirely restored his sight, and we cannot but recommend all similarly afflicted to use Sands' Sarsaparilla.

Yours truly, BENJAMIN F. BUCKNER.

ITS POPULARITY ABROAD.
FROM SOUTH AMERICA.
Maracaibo, Venezuela, April 12th, 1849.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen: I consider it a duty due the public to make known the great benefit I have received from using your valuable Sarsaparilla. About three years since I was attacked with Rheumatism in my shoulders, and also in my legs, and so severe was the pain, that I was unable to sleep. I tried all of the best medicines I could hear of without receiving any benefit, until through the advice of a friend I procured some of your Sarsaparilla, and after using four bottles in the course of fifteen days, I found myself entirely well. I have no hesitation in saying your Sarsaparilla is the best medicine I ever took, and can confidently recommend it to my friends and the public. Your obedient servant,
J. M. JESBURUN.

Here is another, nearer home.
New York, Jan. 8, 1850.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen,—I have great pleasure in acknowledging to you the great benefit I have received from the use of your Sarsaparilla. A subject of pulmonary disease, I made a voyage to Europe, but while there continued to be afflicted. A few weeks after my return, I was seized with a violent hemorrhage of the lungs, and from the debility and great prostration of strength that followed, with the protracted difficulty of respiration, I am entirely relieved by the use of your Sarsaparilla, which I consider a most important and truly valuable discovery in the healing art. I feel that I have not for fourteen years enjoyed so good health as at present.

Very gratefully yours, S. E. SEYMORE.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 100 Fulton street, corner of William, New York. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canadas. Price $1 per bottle, six bottles for $5.

For sale in Philadelphia by Fredk. Brown, Fifth and Chesnut st., Ankney & Dickson, by Fredk. Klett, corner Second and Callowhill, and by Robert Shoemaker. feb1-6mcow

MOORE, HENSZEY & Co.,
Late Moore, Heyl & Co.,
IMPORTERS OF
HARDWARE, CUTLERY AND GUNS,
No. 179 MARKET STREET,
Between Third and Fourth, Philadelphia,
are now receiving their Spring assortment of Goods from Europe, and will be prepared to offer inducements to buyers visiting Philadelphia from the South and West. jan19-3m

Selected Poetry.

THE OLD FARMER'S ELEGY.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER.

On a green grassy knoll, by the banks of the brook
That so long and so often has watered his flock,
The old farmer rests as his long and last sleep,
While the waters a low, lapping lullaby keep;
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain,
No more shall awake him to labor again.

The blue bird sings sweet on the gray maple bough,
Its warbling oft cheered him, while holding the plough;
And the robin shower him hop light on the mould,
For he fed them with crumbs when the season was cold;
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain,
No more shall awake him to labor again.

You tree that with fragrance is filling the air,
Its rich with its blossoms, so sturdy and fair,
By his own hand was planted, and well did he say,
It would live when its planter had mouldered away;
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain,
No more shall awake him to labor again.

There's the well that he dug, with the water so cold,
With its wet dripping bucket, so mossy and old,
No more from its depths by the patriarch drawn,
"The pitcher is broken,"—the old man is gone!
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain,
No more shall awake him to labor again.

'Twas a gloom-giving day when the old farmer died,
The most-hearted mourned, the affectionate cried;
And the prayers of the just for his rest did ascend,
For they all lost a monitor, a man and a friend;
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain,
No more shall awake him to labor again.

For upright and honest the old farmer was:
His God he revered, he respected His laws,
Through life's path he lived, in the grave where his worth
Will continue, like pure gold, all the dross of this earth;
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain,
No more shall awake him to labor again.

Selected Articles.

THE REVENGE OF A WOMAN.

——"Let them say I am romantic—as is every one said to be, that either admires a fine thing or does a fine one. On my conscience, as the world goes, 'tis hardly worth anybody's while to do one for the honor of it. Glory, the only pay for generous actions, is now as ill paid as other honest debts; and *neither Mrs. Macfarlane, for consolating her lover*, nor you, for constancy to your friend, must ever hope to be compared to Lucretia or Portia."—*Pope, to Lady W. W. Montague.*

Mrs. Macfarlane was a lady of the noble Scottish family of Kerr, who, reduced in her circumstances, had married a law agent by the name of Macfarlane. She was extremely beautiful, and therefore much pestered by the advances of the dissolute young noblemen in Edinburgh. This was in 1787. A young Englishman by the name of Cayley, became so deeply enamored of her, that he threatened her, if she would not elope with him, to utterly blast her character by averring that he had an intrigue with her. She could not believe that he would do so dishonorable and unmanly an act, but he did throw out hints at a public coffee house, which convey, of all he had threatened. The next forenoon she went to pay a visit in a distant part of the town; but she could not help remarking, that while she seemed to have become an object of additional interest to the male sex, the ladies, even those with whom she had formerly been on terms of civil recognition, avoided their eyes from her, with an expression, as she thought, of contempt.

The lady upon whom she called received her in the coldest manner, and on an explanation being asked, did not hesitate to mention what she had heard as the town's talk that morning, that Mr. Cayley professed himself to be her favored lover. The unfortunate lady burst into a passion of tears and lamentations at this intelligence, protested her innocence a thousand times, and declared herself to be only the victim of a profligate. Still she saw that she did not produce an entirely exculpatory effect upon the mind of her friend. She went home in a state of distress bordering on despair. Her early misfortunes through the severity of the Government; her dependent situation in the house of her kinsfolk; her unhappy marriage to a man she could never love; and finally the cruel coldness with which she had been treated by her former friends in the days of her depression, all recurred upon her mind, and, united with the more awful grief which had now overtaken her, prepared her mind for the most desperate resolutions.

Early in the afternoon she sent a note to Mr. Cayley, requesting, in her usual terms, the favor of his company. The receipt of the billet threw him into transports of joy; for he believed that his scheme had already taken effect, and that she was now prepared to accede to his proposals. He thereupon [illegible] himself in his best style, and at [illegible] per hour (he felt too secure of his prey to go sooner) walked across the street to his appointment. He was shown into a room at the back of the house, where he had never before been, and where there the little furniture, besides a picture of Mrs. Macfarlane, painted by Sir John Medina, an Italian artist, who long practised his trade in the Scottish capital. This portrait, which he began to gaze upon with all the enthusiasm of a lover, represented his mistress in a style and manner strikingly beautiful. The utmost serenity, united with the utmost innocence, shone in those sweetly noble features. The fair open brow glowed like the summer sky, calmly and cloudlessly beautiful. The eye shone with the lustre of gladness and intelligence, and the whole expression was resolved into an exquisite and killing smile. The lover stood in a transport before the image of all he held dear on earth, as if he were yielding to an idolatrous contemplation of its extraordinary loveliness, when the door was opened, and behold the original! Instead of the voluptuous smile which shone on the canvas of Medina, a beautiful form stood before him—a Hecate not yet grown old. He started with horror; for not only did she bear in her countenance the most threatening omens of passions, but she carried in her hands two large pistols, one of which she held extended to him, while she locked the door behind her, at the same time keeping a watchful and glaring eye upon her victim.

"Wretch!" she said, "you have ruined one who never did you wrong. You have destroyed me as completely as if you had stretched me lifeless beneath your hand. More than this, you have rendered others who are dear to me, as happy forever. My child—you have deprived her of the nurture of a mother; you have fixed upon her name a stain which will never be washed out. And yet, for all this, society, cruel as it is to the victims, provides no punishment. Hardly even any contrite—to the criminal. Were it now my will to permit you, you might walk away scathless from the fair scene you had ravaged, with nothing to disturb your triumph, but the lamentation of so many broken hearts. You shall not, however, enjoy this triumph—for here you shall die!"

Cayley had stood for a few moments, gazing alternately at her face and at the weapon she held extended towards him. He heard her address as if he heard it not. But at the last word he recovered a little of his presence of mind, and made an effort to approach her. She at that moment fired, but without effect. The effort of drawing the trigger had depressed the muzzle of the weapon, and the ball entered the floor at his feet. She lost not an instant to prevent and fire the other, the shot of which penetrated his breast and he fell next moment before her, with but one indistinct murmur of agony—and then all was still.

One brief embrace to her child—a moment at the table to arrange her travelling-dress, which she had previously prepared, and the beautiful murderess was ready to fly. She instantly left town for the South, and received shelter and concealment in the house of her distant kinsman, Sir John Swinton. How long she was there, prudence is not known; but it was probably as long as the search of justice continued to be in the least eager. It was always understood by those aged persons who knew her story, and from whom the preceding facts have chiefly been derived, that she ultimately emigrated to some remote continental State, where she was supported by contributions from her relations. So closes one of the most tragical tales that stain the domestic annals of Scotland during the last century.

LACK OF CONFIDENCE.—A Yankee in one of our New England towns, going into the market to buy a mess of sausages, held out a link to Tiger, his dog. "Tiger" rubbed his nose against them, as if to smell a bit, and instantly bristled up and showed his dentals—upon which his master dropped them like a hot potato.

"What's the matter?" demanded the vendor of pork. "Do you find any fault with my sausages?"

"No," replied the Yankee, "I've nothing agin the sausages. Only, *dog won't eat dog*, that's all."

FROM DECHENDORCH'S REMEMBRANCES OF MAGISTRAC.

A REAL GHOST:

OR, SPECTRAL APPEARANCES TRACED TO NATURAL CAUSES.

A case which occurred in the garden of the blind poet Pfeffel, has been widely circulated by the press, and is well known. I shall here mention so much of it as is essential. Pfeffel had engaged a young Protestant Georgman, of the name of Billing, as amanuensis. The blind poet, when he took a walk, held Billing's arm, and was led by him. One day as they were walking in the garden, which was some distance from the town, Pfeffel observed that as often as they passed over a certain spot, Billing's arm trembled, and the young man became uneasy. He made inquiry as to the cause of this, and Billing at last unwillingly confessed, that as often as he passed over that spot, he was attached by certain sensations, over which he had no control, and which he always experienced where human bodies lay buried. He added, when he came to such places at night, he saw *strange things*. Pfeffel, with the view of curing the young man of his folly, as he supposed it to be, went that night with him to the garden. When they approached the place in the dark, Billing perceived a feeble light, and, when nearer, he saw the delicate appearance of a fiery ghost-like form hovering in the air over the spot. He described it as a female form, with one arm laid across the body, the other hanging down, hovering in an upright posture, but without movement, the feet only a few hand-breadths above the soil. Pfeffel, as the young man would not follow him, went up alone to the spot, and struck at random all around with his stick. He also run through the spectre, but it neither moved nor changed to Billing's eyes. It was as when we strike with a stick through a flame; the form always appeared again in the same shape. Many experiments were tried during several months; company was brought to the place, but no change occurred; and the ghost-seer adhered to his earnest assertions; and, in consequence of them, to the suspicion that some one had buried there. At last Pfeffel had the place dug up. At a considerable depth, they came to a firm layer of white lime, about as long and as broad as a grave, tolerably thick; and on breaking through this, the bones of a human being were discovered. It was then ascertained that some one had been buried there, and covered with a thick layer of lime, as is usually done in times of pestilence, earthquakes, and similar calamities. The bones were taken out, the grave filled up with earth and scattered abroad, and the surface levelled. When Billing was new brought to the place, the appearance was no longer visible, and the nocturnal ghost had vanished forever. It is hardly necessary to point out to the reader what I think of this story, which caused much discussion in Germany, because it came to us on the authority of the most trustworthy man alive, and received from the theologians and psychologists a thousand frightful interpretations. To my eyes, it belonged entirely to the domain of chemistry, and admitted of a clear scientific explanation. A human corpse is a rich field for chemical changes—for fermentation, putrefaction, gasification, and the play of all manner of affinities. A layer of dry lime, compressed into a deep pit, adds its own powerful affinities to organic matters, and lays the foundation of a long and slow action of these affinities. Rain-water from above is added; the lime first falls to a mealy powder, and is afterwards converted, by the water which trickles down to it, into a tallow-like external mass, through which the external air penetrates but sparingly. Such masses of lime have been found buried in old ruined castles, where they have lain for centuries; and yet the lime has been so fresh, that it has been used for the mortar of new buildings. The carbonic acid of the air, indeed, penetrates to the lime, but so slowly, that, in such a place, a chemical process occurs which may last for many years. The occurrence in Pfeffel's garden was therefore quite according to natural laws, and since we know that a continual emanation of the frames of bodies takes place* accompanies such process, the fiery appearance is thus explained. It must have continued until the affinities of the lime for carbonic acid, and for the remains of organic matter in the bones, were satisfied, and finally brought to equilibrium. Whenever, now, a person sensitive enough to be, to a certain degree, sensitive, but who might yet be or appear to be in perfect health; when such a person came within the sphere of these physical influences, he must necessarily have felt them by day, like Billing, and also, when them by night, like Mlle. Reichel. Ignorance, fear, and superstition, would now give to the luminous appearance the form of a human spectre, and supply it with head, arms, and feet; just as we can fancy, when we will, any cloud in the sky to represent a man or a demon.

* * * * *

Thousands of ghost stories will now receive a natural explanation, and will thus cease to be marvellous. We shall even see, that it was not so erroneous or absurd as has been supposed, when one of the twelve Seers asserted, as every one knows they did, that not every one was privileged to see the spirits of the departed wandering over their graves. In fact, it was at all times only the sensitive who could see the imponderable emanations from the chemical change going on in corpses, luminous in the dark. And thus I have, I trust, succeeded in tearing down one of the densest veils of darkened ignorance and human error.

* Luminous emanations from magnetized bodies lately discovered by the author, which are visible in the dark to some persons of the optical sensibility.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

A girl, young and pretty, but above all gifted with an air of adorable candor, lately presented herself before a certain Parisian lawyer, to translate the incident from the French journals for the benefit of our home-made attorneys, and thus addressed him:

"Monsieur, I come to consult you upon a grave affair. I want to oblige a man I love, to marry me in spite of himself. How shall I proceed?"

The gentleman of the bar had of course a sufficiently elastic conscience. He reflected a moment; then, being sure that to third person overhearing, replied unhesitatingly:

"Mademoiselle, according to our law you already possess the means of forcing a man to marry you. You must remain on three occasions alone with him; then you can swear before a judge that he is your lover."

"And that will suffice, Monsieur?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle, with one further condition."

"Well?—"

"That you will produce witnesses who will make oath to their having seen you remain a good quarter of an hour with the individual said to have tried with your allurements."

"Very well, Monsieur. I will retain you as counsel in the management of this affair. Good day."

A few days afterwards the young girl returned. She is mysteriously received by the lawyer, who, scarcely giving her time to be seated, questions her with the most lively curiosity.

"Well, Mademoiselle, how do matters progress?"

"Oh! all goes on swimmingly. I have passed a half hour with my intended. I have been seen to go up stairs and come down again. I have four witnesses who will affirm this under oath."

"Capital! capital! Persevere in your design, Mademoiselle; but mind, the next time you consult me you must tell me the name of the young man we are going to render happy in spite of himself."

"You shall have it without fail."

A fortnight afterwards, the young person, more naive and candid than ever, knocked diffidently at the door of her counsel's room. No sooner was she within, that she flung herself hastily into a chair, saying that she had mounted the stairs too rapidly, and that emotion made her breathless. Her counsel endeavored to reassure her; and made her inhale salts, and even proposed to unlace her garments.

"It is useless, Monsieur," said she, "I am much better."

"Well, now do tell the name of the fortunate mortal you are going to expouse?"

"Are you very impatient to know it?"

"Exceedingly so."

"Well, then, the fortunate mortal, be it known to you, is ——yourself!" said the young beauty, bursting into a laugh. "I love you; I have been three times *tête a tête* with you, and my fair witnesses are below, ready and willing to accompany us to the magistrate," gravely continued the narrator.

The lawyer, thus fairly caught, had the good sense not to get angry. The most singular fact of all is, that he adores his young wife, who, by the way, makes an excellent housekeeper.—*Translated from the French for the Albany Atlas.*

INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.—An amusing and also interesting experiment may be performed as follows:—Take four glass tumblers, invert them upon the floor, lay a board on them, let a person stand on the board, and another standing on the floor beat him over the back a short time, with a fur cap, muff, or anything made of fur or silk plush; then apply your finger to his nose, and a spark of fire will be seen to flash from the nose to the finger. The room should be dark, when the experiment is made, so as to be able to see the flash.

WHAT WILL THEY SAY AT VIENNA?

The Germans tell a story of a traveller who, on visiting the Springs of the Danube, and perceiving what was indgenious still trickled at the source of that great river, formed the bold resolution of stopping up the stream. He put his hand across it, and, as he funded the various cities upon its course deprived of their supply of water by his means, he exclaimed, in the pride of his heart,—"What will they say at Vienna?"

This simple traveller is a type of a large class of people, who have very indefinite notions of the relations of cause and effect. A man conceives a grudge against a neighboring mechanic, or merchant, and determines at once to drive him into retrievable ruin by—"withdrawing his patronage," as the phrase goes. "What will they say at Vienna?" he chuckles to himself, as he walks stiffly by his old friend's places, and trades at a new store. From his bearing, one would suppose him "big with the fate of empires;" but his enemy survives the loss of his customer, and laughs at the impotent attempts of the "better" to break up his business.

A newspaper subscriber takes umbrage at an editor, for daring to express an opinion counter to his own. Having nurtured his wrath to the requisite degree of strength, he dashes off a few words on a letter sheet, the most prominent of which are, "stop my paper," and speeds it on its way to the hackney coach, imagining "what they will say at Vienna," when the direful document is received. The letter arrives, the name of the wrathy gentleman is quietly expunged from the mail-book, and the circumstance is never heard or thought of again.

"What will they say at Vienna?" exclaims Mrs. Grundy, as she resolves to absent herself from a tea-party, in the getting-up of which she has not been allowed to have her own particular way. She anticipates nothing less than a regular failure, in consequence, but the party comes off, and nobody misses Mrs. Grundy.

The old lady who pulled up the stakes for the new railroad, probably wondered "what they would say at Vienna?" but the railroad was built in spite of her opposition. Much of the opposition to railroads is of the same sort. A disinfected stockholder turns his doses sharee into the market, and then very patiently and very knowingly watches for the ruin of the corporation, or at least a general panic among the shareholders. Alas! he never hears "what they say at Vienna"—for the reason that they said nothing.

"What will they say at Vienna?" exclaims a noisy politician, as he determines to withdraw his support from his party, and give it to those who will reward him better. His prophecies of political ruin to his old confederates fall upon the ear and are forgotten. The fierce bugbear which he discovers in the heavens is nothing more than an animalcule begotten in the corrupt humors of his own eye, and hybrided to all but himself.

The error of these people is, not so much in showing their resentment, as in overrating its effect on the destinies of mankind. We hold that every man may lawfully indulge in an occasional fit of "virtuous indignation;" but his him not imagine that he is going to blow up a granite mountain with a pinch of snuff, or move the world from its foundation by the stamping of his foot. It is poor philosophy to expect great results merely *because* the antecedent is small, though it is sometimes true that small causes are connected with momentous events. The three tailors who held a meeting in Tooley street, London, had a right to issue their address to the world, but when they began it, "We, the People of England," they rather over-estimated their importance. This comes of "living in a barrel and looking out at the bunghole," as Rabelais describes it. To take a conceit of this kind out of a man, all that is necessary is a little observation, a little common sense, and a little modesty. When these commodities become more abundant, we shall hear fewer people inquiring, on every frivolous occasion, "what will they say at Vienna?"—*Boston Rambler.*

AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

BY F. A. DURYEAGE.

Among the eccentric Englishmen who have from time to time abjured their natal soil, and taken up their residence in Paris, one of the most eccentric was a certain Lord Egerton, who made the capital of France his permanent residence. Among the many stories told of this nobleman, we have the following:

He inhabited a very elegant house in the Rue de Rivoli, which he had purchased. The municipal government having determined to straighten the street, and make all the buildings on it conform to a certain line, Lord E.'s mansion was found to exceed the prescribed limit, and he was ordered to demolish the front. Now, as he sought Paris for the sake of quiet, (rather an odd choice of residence for that purpose, to be sure,) he took fire at this infringement of his rights, and with true John Bull obstinacy, refused to conform to the order.

One day, when he had been pressed rather harder than usual by the official architects who had been employed to survey his premises, Lord Egerton sent for his physician and lawyer. He received them, seated in a huge arm-chair, with his feet swathed in flannel—he had, for many years, been a victim of the gout.

He addressed the lawyer first.

"Sir," said he, "the government wishes to sacrifice my house in the new arrangement of this street. I will not consent; and they are beginning to talk of prosecuting me in the courts of law. Now, sir, I have sent for you to consult you, and I wish you to inform me how long if you have the management of my case, you can put off a decision?"

The lawyer reflected, meditated, weighed all the legal points involved in the question, and then replied,

"Your lordship can rely on me for putting it off for three years."

"Very good," replied Lord E. He then turned to the physician.

"Doctor, you have taken care of me for twenty years, and ought to know my constitution pretty well. How long a lease of life have I got before me?"

"My lord!" stammered the physician.

"Don't be afraid to speak the truth, doctor. You see how cool I am. I only sent for you to know the truth. Speak out, man, and be quick about it."

The doctor, thus pressed, after hesitating a little while longer, answered,

"Your lordship's system, though robust, is attacked in a somewhat serious manner, which induces me to fear that your lordship cannot last longer than—"

"How long?"

"Four years," replied the doctor.

"Very well, gentlemen," said the Englishman. "There's a year's difference between you—and you cannot come to an understanding somehow or other."

The physician and lawyer were both wrong; two years after this conversation, Lord Egerton fell a victim to an attack of gout, and his adversaries gained the lawsuit.—*Olive Branch.*

JENNY LIND AND THE BLIND BOY.

A poor blind boy, who is highly gifted with musical talent, and who resides in the Northern part of the State of Mississippi, had expressed such great anxiety to hear Jenny Lind sing, that his friends raised a subscription to send him to this city to gratify his wish.

On arriving here, he accidentally took lodgings in the same hotel with Mr. Kyle, the celebrated flutist. One evening, Mr. Kyle hearing some boy wild and sweet flute tones, listened for some time in surprise, and at the sounds died away, he said to himself—"Well, that fellow thinks he can play; but now I'll just show him what I can do." Taking up his flute, he played the air of "The Last Rose of Summer," with variations. The blind boy listened with breathless delight, and following the sound, he came to the door of Mr. Kyle, and stood there until the last notes ceased. With a feeling of impulse he could not restrain, he knocked at the door. "Come in," said Kyle, and not recognizing the lad, he said, "What do you want, sir?" "I am blind," said the boy, "and have been drawn hither by your sweet music. Do tell me who you are." "I am but a poor musician," said Kyle, "and am travelling with Jenny Lind as flutist." "You are?" exclaimed the lad. "Oh, sir, do take me to hear Jenny Lind! I have come a long way to hear her sing, but the price of tickets is so high, that I am too poor to buy one. Can't you take me to hear her, sir?" he continued, with great feeling; "I have heard she is so good, so generous, so pretty, and sings so sweetly, that I shall never be happy until I hear her."

Mr. Kyle felt deeply for the boy, and promised that he would take him to hear the lovely Swede. Accordingly, he took the blind boy that night, and seated him in a chair behind the scenes. The sweet songs of the Nightingale affected the lad deeply, and produced upon him varied sensations. But when Jenny sang "Home, Sweet Home," he melted into tears. On her retiring, she was attracted by the boy's sobbings, and inquired who he was. Mr. Kyle then told her the history of the lad in a few words, which much interested her; and sending for him the next day, the poor boy left the generous songstress one hundred dollars richer than when he rowled the city.—*N. O. Picayune.*

IRON MAIDS HEAVEN.—That wasn't exactly the right thing that George Wilkins Kendall, senior editor of the New Orleans "Picayune" daily journal, did down at the Brothers Harpers' private office, one pleasant morning in May, when "James" was "His Honor the Mayor." You see, the way of it was this: When George went into the counting-room, he asked for "The Mayor." "The Colonel" pointed to the adjoining private office, or raised "sitting-room," and said, "He's in there; there's a delegation there from the female officers of 'The Martha Washington Temperance Society,' of which 'the Mayor' is the honorary President." "I'll go in and see him," said Kendall. "Do," said "the Colonel;" "I guess they're about through; they've kept him talking there for more time now." George entered, his face a little flushed, from a rapid walk down to Cliff Street; and as he did so, he was made aware of the presence of some two dozen members of the "Martha Washington Temperance Association," in solemn conclave, their President, "the Mayor," in their midst, with a face, partly from the warmth of the morning, and partly from excitement, even more flushed, if anything, than Kendall's. George was received, beyond a slight greeting from "the Mayor," with ominous silence; but he "knew his course." "Come, Harper," said he, "let's go and get *another* drink; it's 'leven o'clock," he added, taking out his watch; "ain't you dry agin? I am!" "The Mayor" says he had been "taken aback" before; but the coolness and outrageous impudence of that "lack" couldn't be beat! "The women looked daggers, while Kendall was pretending to be hurrying me to go with him and take a drink called "Moral Suasion!"—*Knickerbocker.*

For the Young.

A HALF MORE THAN THE WHOLE.

"What did Aunt Lizzie mean by saying to-day that half was more than the whole? I'm sure it is not," said Lucy Cary to her mother. Mrs. Cary was sitting by a low window, fitting work; and Lucy was looking out of the window, and talking to her mother at the same time. "Half my luncheon is not more than the whole, and half that hay-stack is not more than the whole;" and Lucy looked round rather triumphantly at her mother.

"Quite true, my dear, and yet what your Aunt Lizzie meant was true, too. Did you hear the rest of what she said?"

"No; except something about a little boy. What was it?" said Lucy, turning from the window-ledge to lean her arms on her mother's lap.

"Take care! take care! half my lap is by no means as good as the whole to hold my work. Sit down and be peaceable, and you shall hear the story. Your Aunt Lizzie had just been to see a friend of hers in town, who has been very rich, and she was telling me about it. Miss Ellis had been sitting up a few days, and her room, though it was in a city and in a narrow street, looked pleasant with flowers."

"Was that where you sent those lilies, the other day?" interrupted Lucy.

"Yes; and other people had sent her other flowers, and she took great delight in looking at them. Your Aunt Lizzie went to spend the morning with her; and, while she was sitting on the sofa sewing, Miss Ellis called her to see what she had just sent out of her window."

"What was it?"

"Just opposite, at the upper window of a small house, was a little child, apparently lame or sick in some way, lying on pillows which were spread on a large chair. The little thing looked clean, and well cared for, but had nothing to play with, and was stretching its head towards absent, to look after somebody in the back part of the room. Miss Ellis looked at her own room and her lovely flowers, and asked your Aunt Lizzie if she should be willing to go over and take this little child some flowers to play with. She agreed, and between them they picked out the gayest pink and yellow and blue flowers. Your aunt tied on her bonnet, and went over; and Miss Ellis watched her through the blind, go in at the front door, and come to the upper window where the child was lying. He was delighted with his playthings; wanted to know the name of each of them; picked them up and threw them down; smelt of them, and kissed his hand to the lady opposite, whom he could not see. When your aunt came back, she said he was so happy, she had lost half of her flowers; and Miss Ellis said that in this case the half was more than the whole. Now do you think you know what she meant?"

"I suppose she meant she liked half better than the whole."

"I suppose so too; and I think you would find it was true in some other cases; though not perhaps with luncheons and hay-stacks."

"Well," said Lucy, very slowly; "I suppose—" and there she paused so long that her mother told her she thought she must be doing a sum in supposition.

"I suppose," she began again, "that if I was to let Hatty have half my roses on my rose-bush, that would be more than the whole."

"Yes, if you found pleasure in seeing her pleased; not if you frolicked at her for pulling the flowers to pieces, or wasted her to do exactly what you did with yours."

"Dear little thing! did you see her this morning with her frock stuck full of violets? I guess I should let her do what she liked with them."

"Try, my darling," said Mrs. Cary, kissing Lucy's round fresh face. "try to take pleasure in other people's pleasure, and you will find out for yourself how often the half is more than the whole.

With this, Lucy scrambled out of the low window on to the piazza, and was off with Hatty into the garden.—*Children's Friend.*

DO NOT BE CRUEL.

In my walk this morning, I passed near a large pool, where a number of boys were enjoying what they called a duck hunt. A poor duck was pursued through the water by dogs, and stoned by the unfeeling boys, till the poor creature was obliged to dive under water to escape from its tormentors. This it did so frequently, that at last it became quite exhausted, and two of the dogs caught it and pulled it to pieces in a shocking manner; while the cruel boys on the brink of the water clapped their hands to encourage the dogs. It was a barbarous sport, and I mention it that I may impress on your minds a piece of advice: *Do not be cruel.*

No, no, my boys and girls, do not be cruel, for cruelty is one of the very worst symptoms of a bad disposition. Young people run into a thousand errors through folly; but cruelty is a crime that a child ought to abhor. The heart that is cruel is not to be trusted. Do not think that all the cruel things we hear of among mankind are brought about suddenly. Oh, no; they are done by little and little; first the child is cruel, and then he becomes a cruel man. Show me the child that can delight in tearing the leg of a fly, and I will show you one who, when he becomes a man, will not scruple to torment his fellow creatures, unless his heart be changed. I know this to be the case, and therefore mind what I say. *Do not be cruel.*

Miscellaneous.

BON-MOTS OF CURRAN.—If he was hard pressed, there was no peculiarity of person, no singularity of name, no eccentricity of profession at which he would not grapple, trying to confound the self possession of the witness by the, no matter how crushed, ridicule of the audience. To a witness of the name of *Halfpenny* he once began—"Halfpenny, I see you're a *rag*, and for that reason you shall be nailed to the counter." "Halfpenny is *sterling*," exclaimed the opposite counsel. "No, no," said he, "he's exactly like his own complexion—only *copper coated*." This phrase alluded to an expression previously used on the trial.

Having one day violent argument with a country schoolmaste a some classical subject, the pedagogue, who and the worst of it, said, in a towering passion, that he would tear no more time, and must go back to his scholars. "Do, my dear doctor," said Curran, "*but don't endeavor any more upon their heads.*"

Curran was told that a very stingy and slovenly barrister had started for the Continent, with a shirt and a guinea.—"He'll not change either till he comes back," said he.

A very stupid foreman once asked a judge how they were to ignore a bill? "Why, sir," said Curran, "when you mean to find a true one, just write *Ignoramus* for self and fellows on the back of it."

It was thus that in some way or other he contrived to throw the witnesses off their centre, and he took care they seldom should recover it. "My lord, my lord!" vociferated a peasant witness, writhing under this mental excruciation—"My lord, my lord! I can't answer you little gentleman, *he's putting me in such a dilderum.*" "A doldrum! Mr. Curran, what does he mean by a doldrum?" exclaimed Lord Avonmore. "Oh! my lord, it's a very common complaint with persons of this description; it's merely a *confusion of the head arising from a corruption of the heart.*"—*Phillips's Curran and his Contemporaries.*

Did you ever see an owl?—*Portsmouth Journal.*

RUB OR RUST.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOT.

Idler, why be down to date?
Better rub than rust.
Hark! the lark sings in the sky—
"He who dies then sees!
Day is waking, leaves are shaking,
Better rub than rust."

In the grave there's sleep enough—
"Better rub than rust.
Death perhaps is longer-proof,
Use when life thou must;
Men are mowing, breezes blowing,
Better rub than rust."

He who will not work shall want;
Nought for nought is just;
Want do, want do when he can't,
"Better rub than rust.
Bees are flying, cloth is drying,
Better rub than rust."

BOYS.

Mrs. Denison gives the following excellent exposition of that queer and inexplicable creation—a boy:—

A boy is the spirit of mischief embodied; a perfect tortotum; spinning round like a jenny or tumbling heels over head. He must invariably go through the process of leaping over every chair in his reach, shaken drum-heads of the doors, turns the tin-pans into cymbals, takes the best knives out to dig worms for bait, and loses them, heats up the molasses cask and leaves the molasses running, is been companion to the sugar barrel, searches up all the pie and preserves left after supper and eats them, goes to the apples every ten minutes, hides his old cap in order to wear his best one, cuts his hoats accidentally if he wants a new pair, tears his clothes for fun, jumps into the puddles for fun, and for dinto tracks your carpets and cuts your furniture. He is romping, shouting, whistling, and in all but his best estate a terrible torment, especially to his sisters. He don't pretend to much until he is twelve, then the rags for frock-coats and high dickies commences. At fourteen he is too big to split wood or go after water, and at the time these interesting offices ought to be performed, contrives to be invisible; whether concealed in the garret with some old worm-eaten novel for a companion, ensconced in the wood-shed, trying to learn legerdemain tricks, or bound off on some expedition that turns out to be in most cases more deplorable than explorable—to coin a word. At fifteen he has a tolerable experience of the world—but, from fifteen to twenty—may we be clear from the track when he is in sight; he knows more than, than Washington and Benjamin Franklin together; in other words, he knows more than, than he will ever know again.

Just hail one of these young specimens "boy," at sixteen, and how wrathy he gets! If he does not answer you precisely as the little urchin did, who angrily exclaimed, "don't call me boy, I've smoked three times!" he will give you a withering look that is meant to annihilate you, turn on his heel, and with a curl of the lip mutter disdainfully, "who do you call boy?" and oh! the emphasis.

But jesting aside—an honest, blunt, merry, mischievous boy, is something to be proud of, whether as brother or son; for in all his scrapes his good heart gets the better of him, and leads him soon to repentance; and be sure he will remember his fault—at least five minutes.—*Olive Branch.*

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A correspondent of the New York Mirror, writing Liverpool, narrates a touching incident that happened on the voyage of one of our best packet-ships, so well told and so characteristic of the noble-hearted sea-captain, that we copy it entire:

A little girl was returning to England in charge of the Captain. She was the only female on board, and by her sweet simplicity had won the love of the noble Captain and his passengers. The poor child was very, very sick nearly all the way, and became much reduced, in strength. One dreary night, the fancy struck her that sea-water would speed her home, and it was given her perhaps too freely. Spasms of the stomach almost immediately ensued, and before the morning came the little sufferer had passed away to a better world; mourning most of all, that no mother's gentle hand could close her eyes in their last sleep, nor a mother's prayer ("Mother's Prayer!") linger last upon her deafening ear. But the great stateyart Captain had almost a mother's heart. He whose voice could be heard high up aloft, when the tempest raged in its fury, had tones of tenderness and love for the poor dying child; and though he scarce knew the meaning of the word fear, tears fell like rain from his eyes upon the wasted face of the little corpse.

Beautiful, beautiful, most beautiful—though full of gloom—was the scene presented in that cabin on that wild Winter's night. With exquisite delicacy and almost sacred tenderness was the corpse laid out and preserved. But another trying time for the generous Captain was yet to come, for he knew that the mother would hasten to the dock gates to meet her child the moment the ship's arrival was telegraphed. And she did. The Captain saw her in an instant, and as soon as the ship got near enough to enable her voice to be heard, she could no longer restrain herself, but cried out in tremulous accents "—Is Mary on board?"

The poor Captain scarce knew what to say, but requested the mother to go to his hotel and he would soon be with her. I dare not attempt a description of the subsequent scenes of this simple, though and drama. Suffice it to say, that when Thomas B. Cropper gone to his last account, of this touching incident, it will surely be said—inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my little ones ye did it unto Me.

PRETTY HANDS—SOFT AND DELICATE.

We admire a beautiful hand upon a pretty woman; but, our friend Nicholas Seagriff, Esq., who is also a great admirer of female loveliness, and a little more of a matter-of-fact man than we pretend to be, was the other evening in company with a most adorable piece of animated sweetness, to whom he was introduced. With all that a consciousness and impetuosity and cordiality for which our friend is remarkable, he grasped her dimpled and delicate hand with considerable warmth. The soft and exquisitely tender impression which was thus made upon his hard brown hands, led the sage and philosopher into the following instructive dialogue and moral admonition:—

"Delicate, beautiful hands! Dear miss, how do you contrive to make your hands so pretty? And such rings, too, as if to draw attention that way. Let me feel them. Oh, dear, how soft and tender. Do you bake, miss?"

"No."

"Do you make beds?"

"No."

"Do you wash floors, and scrub the pots and kettles?"

"No."

"So I thought. Look at your mother's hands. Ain't you ashamed to let that old lady kill herself outright, while you do nothing from daylight to dark, but keep the dust from your face, and the flies from your hands? What are you at for? Will a man of common sense marry you for your delicate hands? A person who is a real man would prefer to see them blackened occasionally by coming in contact with pot hooks and trammels, and calloused by a day or two's work at the washing-board. Pretty fingers, indeed! what are they good for but to move over a piano, or stick through gold rings? Like many of the vain things of earth, they are kept for show and nothing more.—For my part, I would rather see them out in actual service, and as tough as a coquette' conscience, than so tender that a fly's foot will make an impression upon them."

What was the final result of our friend's plain, blunt talk, with this fragile scion of gentility, we did not learn. Perhaps she helped her poor old mother to wash the next week.

DID YOU EVER SEE AN OWL?—A young man who had seen but little of the world—modest and bashful withal—invited a young lady to attend a ball with him. She was the belle and beauty of the place into which his had recently emerged from the bushes; and if he was surprised at his own temerity in asking her to go with him, he was astonished as well as delighted at her acceptance. The ball was to be given at some distance from the place where the parties lived, and when the evening came the swain called for her in a chaise. They rode in silence for the first mile; perhaps he was unspeakably happy—more probably, the words stuck in his throat; but at length he said, "Did you ever see an owl?" "No," said she, "I never did." And he went on to tell her of a very large one, which had alighted close to his head a few days before.

The conversation, thus oddly begun, did not flag; and by the time they arrived at the ballroom they were quite well acquainted. They were not only partners for a dance, but partners for life. The lady (as some ladies are apt to do) often told the story, and when young men seemed diffident or confused, as sometimes they would, in the society of ladies, she would ingenuously recommend the same question which began her own courtship.—*Did you ever see an owl?*—*Portsmouth Journal.*

A WOMAN IN CALIFORNIA.

The miner, notwithstanding his toil, has his fun and frolic, as well as other men. Early one Sunday, our team was suddenly awakened by the discharge of a musket at our heads. Jumping up, exclaimed, "What's the matter; what has happened?"

"What's the matter?" shouted the sonorous voice of one of our neighbors, "turn out, turn out! new digging! a live woman came in last night."

"Go, get breakfast just as quick as—"

"Blame the breakfast," replied our friend, she may into off to other diggings before you can fry a piece of pork, and you won't get sight at her."

We know that delays were dangerous, so shouldering our picks and shovels, pistols and rifles, and taking a bottle or two of *aguardiente*, we marched off, Jim Crow, in his air, our leader whistling, "Come haste to the wedding," and gave three cheers and a discharge of fire-arms. The alarmed occupants rushed to the door to see what was up. Our captain mounted a rock and addressed the amazed husband in something like this strain:

"Stranger, we have been about up here so long that we don't know what is going on in the world, and we have nearly forgotten what it is made of. We have understood that our mothers were women, but it is so long since we have seen them, that we have forgotten how a woman looks, and being told that you have caught one, we are prospecting to get a glimpse."

The man, a sensible fellow by the way, entered into the heart of the joke, produced the *aguardiente*, when, with nine cheers, a drink all round, and a few good natured jokes, we quietly dispersed.—*Extract of a letter from the Mines.*

THE MAN WHO FROLICKED HIMSELF INTO CONGRESS.—Major Cochran, who is now, or was quite recently, living in Oswego, New York, and who was a member of the House of Representatives during the administration of the elder Adams, used to say that he fiddled himself into Congress. A short time previous to his election, a vessel was to be launched in Seneca Lake, at Geneva, and, it being an unusual event, people came from afar to see it. The young folks gathered there determined to have a dance at night. A fiddle was procured, but a fiddler was wanting. Major Cochran, then quite a young man, was an amateur performer, his services were demanded on the occasion. He gratified the joyous company, and at the supper-table one of the gentlemen remarked, in commendation of his talents, that he was "fit for Congress." The hint was favorably received by the company, the matter was talked up, and he nominated and finally elected to Congress for the district then comprising the whole State of New York West of Schenectady. The incident is related in Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution.—*Boston Journal.*

AN EVIDENCE OF ILL BREEDING.—There is no better evidence of ill breeding—than that of interrupting another in conversation *while spe

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Choice Poetry.

PHILIP, MY KING!

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round and top of sovereignty."

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King
Far round them the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine, Esther, to command
Till thou shalt find thy Queen handmaiden,
Philip, my King!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-waoing,
Philip, my King!
When those beautiful lips are suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sitest all glorified.—While kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my King!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my King!
Ay, there lies the spirit all sleeping now,
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one God-anointed, model his peers
My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer
Let me behold thee in coming years!
Yet the head needeth a cooler career,
Philip, my King!

A wreath, not of gold, but pain. One day,
Philip, my King
Thou, too, must tread, as we tread, a way
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray
Height within them and Rest without
We will search all thy crown, [illegible]
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout
As thou sittest at the feet of God, victorious,
Philip, the King!

Original Novelet.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE:
OR,
THE FOSTER SISTERS.
A WINTER EVENING'S STORY.
(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," "RETRIBUTION," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SITTING ROOM.

I see a small, old fashioned room,
With panelled wainscot high
And portraits round in order set,
Carved heavy tables, chairs, tallest
A dark embroidery
And there a high backed, hard seat,
On six brown legs and paws,
Flowered over with silk embroidery
And there all rough with filagree,
Tall screens on gilded claws.

Mrs. Southey.

This was the snuggery in constant family use when there were no strangers at the hall, and here the busy hands of the two affectionate girls assisted in preparing for the evening meal and the evening fireside, and soon a clear fire was glowing in the chimney, and the shutters were closed, and "father's" dressing-gown laid over the back of his chimney corner easy chair, and his slippers laid on the hearth, and the tea-table in readiness, and the girls sitting down upon the settee upon the opposite side of the chimney, with their arms locked lovingly around each other's waists, talking in a gentle tone of their mutual subjects of interest, and waiting "father's" coming home.

This room was *home of home*—a place of such sweet security and tempting repose, that the very cat herself—the large, motherly, tortoise-shell cat—with all her maternal love and feline caution, could here marshal in her frolicsome and variegated brood of kittens, and nurse them on the sofa, or the foot cushion, or permit them to race around the room, very sure that they would not be molested, even by the great St. Bernard dog stretched at length upon the rug.

"Where did the Judge go this afternoon, Ginnie?" inquired Helen, lifting one of Madame Grimaldin's prettiest babies to her lap, and caressing it.

"Father went to the post-office, and he felt so anxious about some letters, that he decided not to wait until a messenger could go and return, but to save several hours of suspense, by being there in readiness to receive his own letters as soon as the mail should arrive and be opened."

"I read in 'The Federalist' that a foreign mail was expected to-day—does he expect to hear from Joseph Carey?"

"Alas, no! we have not heard from Joseph for nearly a year—I do not know—" and Ginnie stopped short, for she choked with emotion, and lost her voice.

"Is that possible! I am very sorry for that," said Helen, in a tone of deepest sympathy; "but then, Virginia, the foreign mails are so uncertain, and the field of Joseph's labors so far out of the bounds of civilization, that there is much more ground to hope that his letters have miscarried, than there is for fear of his health or life!"

"I do not know," said Ginnie, with an effort at self-recovery. "I no not know! all that we have heard of Joseph proves the most enthusiastic devotion of every faculty of his soul and body to his work—his most arduous work! The very last we heard of him was through an English foreign missionary magazine that providentially fell into our hands, where his name was quite incidently introduced, and by which we learned that he was in a very distant part of Farther India quite alone and unsustained among a horde of hostile heathens. Yet not alone! 'God's heart and mind are ever with His own.'"

At this moment a heavy step was heard in the hall, the door was swung open, and Judge Washington entered the sitting room; Virginia and Helen both arose to meet him. He shook hands with Helen, stooped and kissed Virginia's brow, and then the two, with solicitous attention, hastened to make him comfortable.

Helen went for the boot jack, while Ginnie helped him off with his great coat, and settled him in his dressing gown in the easy chair.

And then Ginnie carried off the great coat, hat and stick to hang them in the hall, while Helen, now returned, rang for tea.

Though the house was full of servants, the girls were always happy in proving their affectionate respect by performing, with their own hands, these little personal favors.

Tea was soon served, and the Judge, somewhat rested and refreshed already, arose, and with his usual amenity of manner, handed Virginia to her place at the table, and they all sat down.

After tea was over, and the cloth was removed, when they had gathered around the fire again, and the little round table, with the bright lamp, was drawn up between them, and Virginia had taken out her embroidery, and Helen her knitting, Ginnie "opened 'her' mouth and spake, saying,"

"Dear grandfather, you look happy this evening! The mail has not disappointed you! You have letters and good news!"

"Yes, Virginia, much news, strange news and good!"

"Of Magdalene?"

"No, my dear, not of her. Go, [illegible] the pocket of my great coat, Virginia, and bring the packet of letters and papers that you will find there."

Virginia hastened to obey, and returned with a large bundle of papers. The Judge received them, spread them out before him on the table, and while Helen and Virginia watched him anxiously, he selected one from the number, saying,

"Now, my dears, I chose to say nothing of this letter until after tea, for I knew with this letter to digest there would be no appetite for supper!"

"Though with the supper to digest we are starving for the contents of the letter!" said Ginnie, with something of her old vivacity, for with eyes as bright as stars she had already recognized the dear, familiar hand writing.

"I see that you have discovered this letter to be from Joseph. It is. I will read it," and unfolding the epistle, Judge Washington read it to eager hearers.

The letter proved that the surmise of Helen Hervey had been correct. Joseph had written regularly every month, though being in a distant part of India, he had frequently been compelled to entrust his letters for transportation to the nearest missionary station to unknown and perhaps unfaithful messengers. He more than half suspected, he said, that all his letters sent from that quarter had failed to reach their destination. He had, through almost unparalleled toils, privations and hardships; and over nearly invincible obstacles; [illegible] in planting in that social desert, a vineyard of the Lord, a little Christian Church, which owned him for its pastor, a little school which had him for its teacher. Every faculty of his soul and body was busily and happily engaged. His health was not quite so strong as it had been, but that was doubtless owing to the change of climate. He would get acclimated, and then he should be better. This letter closed with fervent expressions of undying love to those dear friends he had left behind, and unshaken faith in the God who would watch over and finally reunite them. Helen's and Virginia's eyes were full of grateful tears.

Virginia's hands were clasped as if in prayer or praise, and her whole countenance and manner glowing with so much fervor and earnestness of emotion, that the Judge remarked it, and she answered truly,

"Oh! father! my heart gloves and dilates with I know not how much mingled admiration, joy and regret. Oh, father!" and Ginnie pressed both hands tightly upon her bosom as though to still its throbbing—she could say no more. To Helen *alone*, or to her father *alone* she could have spoken freely, but a new and nameless scruple—a vague feeling that she did not understand, prevented her from speaking to them *together*, the thoughts that were burning in her heart;—made it impossible for her to say that which so strongly, so ardently she felt. "He is there *alone, alone*. Oh! why, when I wish to go so much, when I love him so, and he needs one so!—why may I not go to him? Oh! to be there where I am so much wanted! To be there in Joseph's lonely home! To be there alone with him! With nothing to care for but him! With nothing to do but to help him! To enter heart and soul into all his labors and desires and enterprises! To labor with Joseph and for humanity and God! With mutual affection on earth and heaven in view! What a happiness! what a happiness! Oh! that it might be mine! To be able to conceive of this, and to be able to realize it! Joseph! Joseph [illegible] and land! waves and mountains! separate—not so far as fate! Joseph! my [illegible] Joseph!" This was the inarticulate [illegible] heart that choked her utterance, that suffused her face with blushes and her eyes with tears, as the gaze of her grandfather fell upon her.

But soon the sight of her grandfather's venerable and saddened countenance, and his silver hair, and bowed form, roused something like maternal tenderness in Ginnie. She wiped away her tears, and smiled, and kissed his hands, and, starting up, ran and brought his pipe and tobacco, filled and lighted and handed it to him, and sat down on a cushion by his side, folded her hands upon his knee, and looking up in his face with eyes full of veneration and love, watched him.

They were sitting thus when the quick tramping of horses, followed by steps upon the portico, and a loud ringing of the door bell announced a visitor.

"Who can it be at this late hour?" inquired Ginnie and Helen, in a breath; but, before the Judge could reply with a conjecture, a servant entered and announced that Lord Cliffe had arrived, and had been shown into the drawing-room.

"And—strange that he should have come so late—is there a fire in the room?"

"No, sir."

"Show him in *here*, then;—if you have no objection to receiving him it our family sanctum, young ladies" said the Judge, addressing the first clause of his speech to the man, and the last to the girls.

"Certainly not, father. Let him come in here while I go and order sugers, for I dare say he has not supped."

"Do, my dear, but do not be long, Virginia. Give your directions, and leave their fulfilment to Polly—or rather to Coral—and come yourself back here to welcome your Cousin Clinton."

Virginia left the room, and the Judge, turning to the man, directed him to show in Lord Cliffe.

Judge Washington and Miss Hervey arose to receive Lord Cliffe as he entered their snuggery, bowing with his customary courtly grace. He shook hands with the Judge, and gallantly raised the slender fingers of Helen to his lips, and assumed the seat on the sofa by her side. He informed his host in explanation of his late arrival, that business had detained him at the Seat of Government a day longer than he had expected—that being determined to keep his appointment for the first of April, he had set out from Washington City at three o'clock that morning and had ridden all day.

The Judge was in the midst of some expressions of concern for his fatigue, when the door opened and Virginia entered.

It was not with the least remnant of weariness or even of his habitual and dignified nonchalance that Lord Cliffe sprang up, and, with very uncharacteristic vivacity, hastened to meet Virginia, and, with the privilege of a cousin or a *friend*, drew her trembling to his bosom, and pressed a kiss upon her blushing cheek; then led her to the settee, seated her, placed himself at her side, and, for awhile, gave up his whole attention to *her*. He declined the proffered refreshments, saying that he had supped at St. Leonard's, where he had stopped to change his dress and to rest his horses. He yielded a ready acquiescence, however, to the advice of his host, that he should retire to rest early—in consideration of having ridden something like a hundred miles, and in accordance with this proposition, the family circle separated.

Lord Cliffe, in bidding good night to the Judge, requested to be informed at what hour of the next day it would be convenient to favor him with a private interview. Judge Washington expressed his readiness to receive Lord Cliffe in his library immediately after breakfast. This little conversation passed in a low voice at the foot of the great staircase, where the host and his guest parted for the night.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MAIDEN'S HEART.

Her bosom is the soft retreat
For love, and love alone;
And yet her heart has never beat
To love's delicious tone.
It dwells within its circle free
From tender thoughts like these,
Waiting the little deity
As blossoms wait the breeze,
Before it throws its leaves apart,
And translates like the love-inclined heart.

Amelia B. Welby.

After breakfast the next morning, while Helen was in her chamber, and the little housewife, Virginia, was giving orders for dinner, Lord Cliffe sought Judge Washington in his library.

His unexpected meeting with Magdalene in the United States,—her threat—had had one effect upon him—not that of alarming him for his personal safety, but of disturbing his sense of security in Judge Washington's high esteem, and in Virginia's pure affections. He wished, therefore, to insure his position by a speedy marriage, or by the speedy removal of Virginia far from the neighborhood of Magdalene. It was with this intention that he entered the library of Judge Washington. The old gentleman sat before the fire in a large, red, easy chair, beside a table covered with green cloth, and scattered over with books, paper, writing materials, etc. On the opposite side of the table, stood an empty chair similar to his own. He arose and received Lord Cliffe with much chivalry, pointing to the vacant seat, which the visitor took.—With an air of stately, yet graceful deprecation, Lord Cliffe apologized for again, so soon, opening the subject recently closed between them at Richmond, and entreated permission to renew and press his suit, for urgent reasons, which he begged leave to explain.

Judge Washington looked sad and grave, but bowed and requested him to proceed.

Lord Cliffe then informed him that business of vital importance would call him to England immediately, and that he desired to leave behind him—that the thought of leaving his promised bride, in whom his whole life was bound up, was painful beyond sufferance; that her affections and confidence already half won, might be entirely lost again during his protracted absence; and finally—both as a free and a single man—desired Judge Washington's consent, and claimed his promise of permission to speak to Virginia of his love, and to ask her hand.

The old gentleman leaned his head upon his hand, and remained in silent thought for the space of a few minutes, while Lord Cliffe uneasily awaited his answer. At last he said in a serious tone,—"I am old, I know and feel; and life and health is precarious in its duration. If I die, leaving my grand daughter unmarried, she will be unprotected. I have, perhaps, put off this matter long enough. Virginia is sixteen years of age. Yet if I have delayed the consummation of your betrothal, Lord Cliffe, it has been as you know, from no disinclination to fulfil my promise and Colonel Carey's wishes. It has been from the deepest interest in Virginia's happiness, and in yours as connected with hers. I wished you to secure *the first place* in her affections before you should obtain her hand." There was an emphasis in the latter clause of this speech, that caused Lord Cliffe to look up in great anxiety, with difficulty restrained; Judge Washington continued,—"Virginia has a warm regard for you, Clinton, but she does not love you as I could wish her to love her husband—as you, if you wed for happiness, should wish your wife to love you."

"You more than intimate that I am not so blessed as to hold the highest place in Judge Washington's regard—is *another*—besides yourself—so favored?"

"You—more than you—more than myself, more, far more than any one else on earth, Virginia loves her adopted brother, Joseph Carey!" Lord Cliffe arose and slowly and disturbedly paced up and down the floor. Returning, he resumed his seat, and looked inquiringly in the face of Judge Washington, who, in reply to the sad and silent interrogative, said—"Do not be alarmed, or the least uneasy at this announcation. I spoke of it, in order to anticipate and prevent any needless misconstruction and anxiety. Virginia esteems and loves Joseph Carey beyond and above all others—but it is the esteem of a pure heart, for a noble one—the devoted love of an only sister for an only brother—for such from babyhood has been their relation. She loves you in the same manner, but in a less degree. That greatest, strongest, warmest love—that one predominant love, has never been inspired in Virginia's heart."

Lord Cliffe's countenance cleared as he said—"Be of good cheer, sir, far from cherishing a morose sentiment at this circumstance, I understand it—and recall the beautiful lines of our greatest poet,

"Oh! she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her;

I only await your permission to address Virginia."

"You have it, then, Clinton, and may Heaven speed your wooing and bless your love, as you deserve!"

"I shall have the honor of your counsel on my side; shall I also have the influence of your *friend* with Virginia?"

"Assuredly, Clinton, so far as the expression of my earnest desire—leaving her then free to act, will go—you shall have the weight of my influence with my child."

So ended the interview.

Lord Cliffe bowed, and withdrew from the library, and Judge Washington, pulling the bell-rope, summoned a servant, whom he dispatched with a message to Virginia. Ginnie obeyed the call immediately, by coming into the presence of her grandfather just as she was—just as she happened to be dressed—when the messenger met her half-way between the "meat-house" and the kitchen, with her gingham sun-bonnet, and sheepskin mittens, and her morning apron, and little basket of keys.

"Come here, my child," said her grandfather, holding out his hand; and as she advanced, he drew her towards him, looking with fond and grave affection upon her face, as he removed her bonnet, took her little basket from her, set it away, placed her in a chair by his side, and again taking her hand, said, very seriously,—"Virginia, how do you like your cousin, Lord Cliffe?"

"At first, father, I did not like him, but of late, since I have known him so much better, I have liked him more and more every day."

"That is well—very well. May your regard for him continue to increase—Virginia! your grandfather is an old man."

"My *dear* father!"

"He cannot expect to live many years—he may not live many months. Virginia!"

"Dear father!"

"If he should die, you would be left quite unprotected—exposed to all the snares and dangers that beset the path of a young, beautiful, and wealthy orphan. Do not weep, Virginia, but hear me. That thought, Virginia!—that thought of leaving you so unsheltered and defenceless, saddens my life!—It would darken my death!" He paused, and looked at her. She wiped her eyes, and replied—

"Do not let it, then, dearest father. Your child is young and inexperienced, but she is not silly, or vain, or cowardly. In the event of God, in His infinite wisdom, visiting me with such an affliction as your loss, dearest father, I will tell you what I will do, so that you shall not have one fear for me!"

"Well, Virginia?"

"If the Lord would strengthen me to bear the trial—the first thing I should do would be to write to Joseph to come over for me, and the next thing would be to go to Mr. Hervey's, and put myself under the protection of the family until he should arrive."

"And—then, Virginia?" inquired the Judge, in evident anxiety.

"And, then—why, then—then—*what Joseph pleased!*" she said, twisting up the corner of her apron, while her brow crimsoned.

Both were silent, until a profound sigh from Judge Washington, caused Virginia to look up, and say—

"Dear father, you are sighing—what for? can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, Virginia!"

"What is it, dear father? Tell me."

"Will you do it, Virginia?"

"*Well! I will I do what my father wishes!* Oh, father! when did 'Ginnie' ever do otherwise?"

"Promise me, Virginia, to do what I wish."

"I promise, dear father!—*of course I do*—though no promises can bind me any faster than duty does now!"

"Virginia! by following my advice in an affair of which I cannot trust to speak to you, you will lighten my latter days of their great burden of anxiety."

"Oh, speak! and tell me what it is, dear father! *Of course I will do it!*" Can any one doubt it?"

"Listen, then, Virginia—I wish to see you married before I die!" said he, looking at her with earnest affection. To his surprise, her face at first lighted up with an impulsive joy, but then a sudden bashfulness flushed her brow, and she dropped her eyes upon the carpet. "Can you do this, Virginia? Can you, for the sake of your husband, Virginia?" Again the smile and the blush, the pleasure and the bashfulness, conflicted in the maiden's bosom, and on her downcast countenance. "Speak, Virginia! Tell me if you know the name of him who prefers you before all women! Tell me if you have before at least I prefer to bestow the hand of my child? Ah, do you know his name, Virginia?" said he, and he stooped to catch the scarcely audible sound made by the smiling lips—and his beard her murmur in a love-toned voice—

"Joseph Carey."

Judge Washington drew back, changed countenance, and sighed more heavily than before as he said—

"No, my dear! No, Virginia!—I never thought of him in that light! Never could think of him in that light! He is a most estimable young man, but he is your brother! Let him ever remain so! Sisters do not marry with their brothers. No, Virginia! No! decidedly not him! You must not dream of such a thing! What ever could have put it into your head! Did Joseph ever hint such a proposition to you?"

"No, sir, never," said Ginnie, in a low, trembling tone, with her crimson brow between the drooping ringlets, still bent—"never—but when you talked with such approval of one whom you preferred before all others, I thought, of course, dear father, that you meant him who *merited* such preference above all others—my dear brother Joseph!—that was all!—forgive me!" and Ginnie twirled her apron quite up to the belt.

"Virginia, darling, you do not inquire whom I do mean?"

"Because, dear father, I do not much care, since it is not Joseph. Alas! pardon me—I know not what I am saying! I did not mean to answer you so, father. Tell me, then, sir, whom—" she paused and trembled.

"A most proper match for you, my dear child, in every respect. Your Cousin Clinton—Lord Cliffe!"

Virginia's color faded, and she remained silent.

"What have you to say to it, my dear child?"

"Nothing but this—that I had hoped to spend all my life among my childhood's friends, and in my childhood's home—to live and die with you, and Magdalene, and Joseph,—at Prospect Plains!"

"That is a favor few young people have, and lower still desire from fate! The young bird must leave its nest, Virginia! Come, my dear! You will give peace to your old father, by complying with his wishes. You will listen favorably to Lord Cliffe's suit?"

"Have you my promise! Yes, father!" and Virginia burst into tears. He let her weep, unchided. And then he drew her to his bosom, kissed her, and sent her away to change her dress. Virginia met Lord Cliffe at dinner, and the conscious blush mounted to her brow. And she avoided him as much as she could without unkindness. And in their few chance meetings, her face flushed and paled, her limbs trembled, and her voice faltered—so deadly was her fear of the private interview she had promised. And how much this dread resembled the hesitancy of virgin love; and how nearly it had deceived even her lover.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was sliding through the crimson curtains of the wainscoted parlor, and falling redly on the sofa, underneath the window, where they sat, Lord Cliffe found the opportunity of declaring his love, and pressing his suit with all the eloquence of passion and of genius, that she should bless him with the promise of her hand. At last she gave him this promise—only pleading that no more should be said of it until their return from their European tour.

And finally rising, she begged the privilege of retiring to her room for re-composure.

Lord Cliffe arose, and with his usual suave and deferential gallantry, took her hand and led her to the door, opening, and holding it open, until she had passed.

And Virginia went to her chamber.

She had obeyed her father. She thought she had done her duty. Yet her heart was full of trouble—tender, remorseful memories of Joseph, and his love, and his loneliness—and a compunctious sense of injustice to Lord Cliffe, and abuse of his confiding faith.

Full of distress, she dropped upon her knees by the side of her bed—buried her head in its downy softness—wept, and prayed that God would bless, would highly bless her brother Joseph, and give to *her* clear sight to see her duty, and strong heart to do it.

She arose with one thing clear in her mind—that in a vital matter like this she must have no concealments from Lord Cliffe. No! painful as it would be, she must unveil her heart to him. He was in the wainscoted parlor yet—she would go to him now, while she had a little strength and courage.

Without stopping to arrange her disordered dress, or smooth her disheveled hair—without thinking of them at all, she quickly glided down the stairs, and softly opened the parlor door. She paused in fear, and looked in.

He was there yet, sitting upon the sofa, under the crimson light of the window, gazing fixedly upon a miniature he held in his hand, and his attitude was full of strange distress. Against the bright light she could not see his face, but she thought with affectionate compassion—"*He* too has his sorrows—what sorrows can he have? Have all sorrows then? And can I add to the sum of his, the cruellest one of a false, deceiving bride? No, my profound soul! Notwithstanding all my failing and faltering, I will go in and tell him."

And all this while he was gazing on the miniature—his hand passing to and fro in a troubled gesture across his brow. Virginia, closing the door behind her, approached him trembling. He looked up, and perceiving her, arose, and tenderly and respectfully taking her hand, led her to the sofa, seated her, and took his place at her side, before he deliberately shut the locket containing the miniature, and returned it to his bosom. Then he gave his whole attention to her. She was blushing deeply, and the tears were sparkling on her eyelashes as she said, in a low, tremulous voice, and with an averted face,

"I have something to say to you, Lord Cliffe, which it is right that I should say—but it is very painful to me to say it."

She paused, and her brow flushed.

"The sun-light is too bright in here—it is blinding," said Lord Cliffe, and he arose, turned, closed the blinds, let down the crimson curtains, seated himself beside Virginia, and gently passing one hand around her waist, and laying her face against his bosom, he bent over her, and tenderly stroking back the damp, pale hair from her paler brow, he said, in a soothing voice, "Say on, now, Virginia! There is nothing in that innocent heart of thine, that may not fearlessly be spoken. Say on, my love. Murmur in ever such a low whisper, and I shall catch or guess your meaning."

And with her face hidden on his bosom, where he held her, she began to speak in a tone so low, so tremulous, and nearly as inarticulate as the silver of distant forest leaves:

"You ought to know before you marry me, that I love my brother Joseph better than any one else in the wide world—that—if father had been willing—and Joseph had been willing—I had rather passed my whole life with him than with any one else on earth—that I had rather shared his home, however humble, or his fate, however hard—as his wife, or as his sister, I did not care which,—which ever Joseph pleased—than to live in the most splendid palace, and share the most brilliant destiny on earth! I cannot feel in my heart that it is wrong to love Joseph! I feel as if it would be wrong not to love him, even if I could help it! But I cannot. I feel that I shall always love my dear brother more than any one else in the world. But I feel that you should know this, and I fear that it is not right for me to marry—only that my father—who knows all about it, who is both wise and good, and who, above all, has the disposal of my destiny—gives me to you! There, my lord! I have unveiled to you the holiest sanctuary of my heart! I am yours by my father's gift, and by my own promise. Do with me as you please—reject or receive me!" and she moved as though to withdraw herself from his embrace, half he gathered her closer to his bosom, bent over her, parted the golden ringlets each side, pressed his lips to her pure forehead, and said, in tones as low and musical as flute notes,

"I will not take you—no! much as my heart is set upon you, I will not take you as any one's gift but your own, my Virginia! But! do you not like me a little then?"

"Oh! very much, very much I like you—as my cousin—and very much *more*, because I was so unjust to you once. But now! when I feel most impressed and inspired by your nobleness and gentleness, by all your goodness—then I most want to see Joseph! I want to say to him how much I esteem you—because, you see no emotion, however happy, and so thought, however bright, is perfect without Joseph's sympathy. But, oh! Lord Cliffe! much as I esteem you—indeed—" She burst into tears, and hid her face in his bosom, as though it had been her father's.

He let her weep freely, caressing her gently, tenderly, all the while; and when she had recovered herself, he said, in a soft whisper,

"You shall not be called to fulfill your engagement, dear one, until I have won your heart. Without loving Joseph less, you shall love me much more—with a perfect love of which you have never dreamed yet. Now tell me of your brother Joseph. Tell me freely about your childhood and youth. I also feel that I shall love Joseph for his sweet sister's sake. And when I have won her love, and won her hand, her brother's welfare shall be my first care."

Thus he obtained her confidence.

"You are so good! so good!" said she, pressing his hand; "so good—may Heaven bless you as you merit."

After a little time, with a strange, sad smile, he said,

"Virginia! you saw me place a miniature in my bosom."

"Yes, Clinton."

"I, too, have a sister of the heart. That was the portrait of one whom I *once* loved passionately—whom I *now* love purely; and whom I must continue to love through life."

Virginia gazed at him earnestly, anxiously, feeling now a strange, deep sympathy for him, such as she had never felt before. She expected him to tell her the name, and show her the portrait of this "one," but he did not—only with a deep sigh, he said, earnestly,

"Virginia! if ever in after life this sister of mine crosses your path, or gives you uneasiness, think of your brother, and forgive me! And yet, my pure angel, how different! Go, now, dear Virginia! I, in my turn, need solitude for re-composure;" and so he dismissed her.

The next morning, in a conversation between Lord Cliffe and Judge Washington, it was arranged that the voyage of the family should be hastened, in order that the former, whose business required his speedy departure, should accompany them. It was also agreed, that the whole party should go first to England, and remain for the few weeks it would take to settle Lord Cliffe's affairs, and then that he should accompany them on their continental tour, and that the marriage should take place on their return to Virginia.

CHAPTER X.

THE SISTER'S HEART.

Only, be sure thy daily life,
In its peace and in its strife,
Never shall be unobserved;
We pursue the whole career,
And hope for it, or doubt, or fear;—
So then keep thy path so unswerved,
We are beside thee in all thy ways,
With our blame, with our praise,
Our shame to feel, our pride to show,
Glad, sorry,—but indifferent, no.

Browning.

By tacit consent never had Magdalene's name been mentioned in the family since the last conversation about her between Helen and Virginia—in the presence of Lord Cliffe, or of any other one not known as an intimate friend of hers, it had never been mentioned at all. But as the day approached upon which they were to leave home and country for a distant voyage and a long absence, Virginia felt about her heart the constraint of those sister ties she had never been able or willing to unloose. She could not depart without leaving some fresh evidence of her continued love for Magdalene. But how? Magdalene was lost. Yes—but Theodore Hervey was gone to seek her. Therefore, Virginia determined to write a letter to Magdalene, and send it to the elder Mr. Hervey to be transmitted to Theodore, to be delivered to Magdalene, when she should be found. Virginia wrote this letter, closed with the most earnest and anxious affection—entreating her sister to inform her of her place of residence, so that she might hasten to see her as soon as she should return home; or if it suited her convenience to do so, at any time during their absence to return to the hall, where the housekeeper, Polly Pepper, had standing orders to keep her rooms in readiness for her reception, assuring her with the most loving faith that herself and her father trusted her through all things, that if she would come home, on coming home, she would be welcomed with the most joyful affection; that her confidence should not be obtruded upon; that only so much as she would volunteer to communicate should be heard of the past three year's history—telling her that ever when she knelt down at her own private devotions, she prayed first and most for her bosom's sister; that when the household gathered in family prayer, morning and evening, they prayed for their lost daughter, that God would watch over her, and guard and guide her, and restore her safely to their love. The first and last words were—"Come"—"Come home."

This letter she folded, sealed, directed, and gave to Lord Cliffe, with a request that he would despatch it by a messenger to the Old Forest Parsonage. Lord Cliffe read the superscription with ill restrained agitation.

"'Magdalene Moncrief—care of Rev. Thos. Hervey,' does he—where—?" and there he paused. Virginia took his hand, drew him to the distant sofa against the window, and sitting down with her head resting against his shoulder, told, amid many tears, the story of Magdalene's disappearance, of which, of course, he knew far more than any one else. It was well that she sat a little back of him with her face leaned forward downwards on his shoulder, so that she could not see the white storm in his face. It was in a very low, deep, steady voice, that finally he asked,

"This young minister—this Theodore Hervey—was the dark picturesque personage I met here the first winter of my arrival?"

"Yes."

"And he knows the place of Magdalene's abode?" he further inquired, without turning his head toward Virginia.

"No, he does not—only you see this is it. He loved Magdalene, and suffered a disarry her. Magdalene had a great esteem for him, but refused him. When she was missing, he took it to heart very deeply. He has pledged his life to find and restore her—that is it. I entrust my letter to him as the most probable means of getting it to her. Oh! that she may be discovered and restored to us! Oh! you see I could not leave the country without leaving our home open for the reception of my sister, and without writing and entreating her by my love, by all our love, to come and dwell in it! There! you may read the letter if you will, Clinton, I have no secrets from you."

"No. But—does your grandfather approve this invitation under the circumstances—the *strange* circumstances?" asked Lord Cliffe, somewhat sharply, and still with averted face.

"My dear venerable father will open his arms for his other daughter whenever she will turn and lay her wild head on his good bosom for rest! Oh! you do not know my dear, dear father! It would take you all your life to learn how good he is! There is only one more among those I love in the world who is good as he is—the boy of his own rearing—Joseph!"

"What do you think—that Magdalene will return!"

"I do not know—but what I hope is that Magdalene will return, and that Theodore, who deserves her, if ever man deserved a woman, will win her love and her hand. What's the matter?"

This sudden terrified question was put by Virginia, as Lord Cliffe starting, threw off her hand and strode up and down the floor in strong agitation. When he recovered his composure and came and sat by her side, and she anxiously repeated her question—he replied,

"A pain! a pain, Virginia! Ginnie, dearest, did you love your brother very much?"

"Not now! wait till the crowd has thinned! Stay here! he will not leave the church till all the congregation are gone, and he must pass down this way! stay, do, dear sir, indulge me!"

And they sat still, watching the congratulating crowd that surrounded the missionary, whose head could just be seen above them. At last they began to disperse and passed down the aisles.

When all had left the church, with the exception of the minister, the missionary, and one or two old members of the vestry, who were also intimate acquaintances of the Judge, the latter signed to his party, and leaving the pew, drew Helen Hervey's arm within his own, and followed by Lord Cliffe, conducting Virginia, passed up the middle aisle towards the front of the altar, where Joseph still stood, conversing with Doctor Goodwin, Governor Montjoy, and another distinguished gentleman. Joseph Carey stood there under the full, clear, bright light of the altar chandeliers. But Virginia! she was a little in the rear, leaning heavily upon the arm of Lord Cliffe.

She saw Joseph Carey, as he stood in the full light, between the venerable minister Doctor Goodwin, and the equally venerable Governor Montjoy—*to her eyes*—a prince of Heaven's own crowning—with his court around him. His tall and stately form was draped by the rich turned Spanish cloak that hung from his shoulders with the classic grace of the Roman toga, and the regal dignity of the ermined purple; his broad, white, glorious brow—around which the fair golden hair, shining like a sun ray, might have seemed a halo, or a crown—combined and harmonized the celestial beauty of an angel's forehead with the royal majesty of a king's front—how elevated, how exalted—how gloriously transformed—yes!—how divinely transfigured he seemed to her!

But then a rush of blood to the brain must have dazzled Virginia's vision, so that fire flashed before her eyes, and she saw stars, and crowns, and halons where none were to be seen.

Yet I wish I could place this missionary before you as he stood there, and electrify your hearts with the impression he really made.

In truth a great change had passed over Joseph Carey. He was no longer the delicate, though beautiful boy, shuddering and torn by passion, as the sapling is shaken and uprooted by the whirlwind—faint and pale with passion, as the sapling beaten down and blanched in the tempest and the flood.

No!—but the mature, self-possessed, self-governed, regnant man. A very handsome, pretty man, of very noble presence, commanding a high respect and deference even from those veteran dignitaries of church and state around him.

As soon as he raised his eyes, and saw Judge Washington and his party approaching, a smile of surprise and pleasure lighted up his countenance, and stepping forth, he held out his hand to greet him. They shook hands warmly, warmly expressing the joy they felt at this unexpected meeting. Had they followed the impulses of their hearts they would have embraced, but one is a cold mannered, if not a cold-hearted nation. He shook hands with Helen Hervey next, and then the Judge, stepping on one side, revealed to his view Virginia, leaning on the arm of Lord Cliffe.

"Lady Cliffe!" said Joseph, advancing at once, though his brow flushed, offering his hand, and smiling upon her.

But oh! an electric shock could not have been so powerful in its effect upon her nerves as the touch of that long-lost hand—the meeting of that long-lost gaze. She wished to reply—to disclaim him of his mistake, and to welcome him home—she wished to say "No, Joseph! your sister, Ginnie Washington still, she is so happy! so happy to see you!" But she durst not, she could not—a strange bashfulness and humility never before felt in reference to her brother, blended with her affection, and prevented her speech. There was a sovereignty even in his gracious smile and softly modulated tone, that awed her into silence—that awed her into stillness—while the love-lit eyes that beamed upon here awoke now for the first time the woman's deep, passionate nature to life! To be so full of this new life—so strong life!—and yet so still, and pale, and passive—her eyelids dropping—dropping slowly before the gentle gaze fixed upon her.

"Lady Cliffe, I presume?" said Mr. Carey, looking around, inquiringly, still holding her hand.

"No, sir! Miss Washington, *as yet*," replied Lord Cliffe, in an very benignant tone, and in no very benignant manner.

A flash of mortification joy irradiated Joseph Carey's countenance at instant, notwithstanding the warning words—"*as yet!*" His eyes fixed upon hers again, and with a gentle dumbness said—*what only her professed heart heard*—then quickly turning to Lord Cliffe, he said, apologetically—

"My serious error, sir, grew out of a paragraph in an old English newspaper, which announced your *then* approaching marriage with Miss Washington."

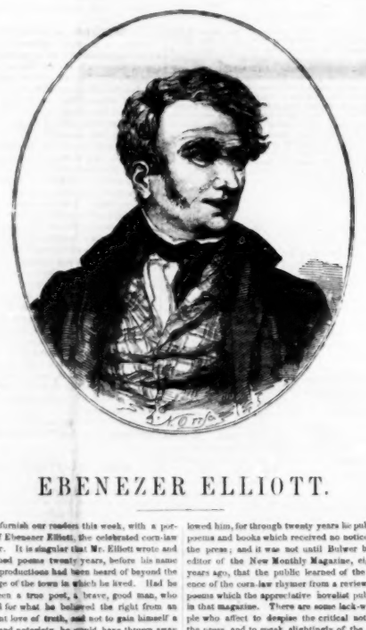
A pang of remorse—she scarcely knew wherefore—pierced Virginia's heart at this speech.

In reply to it Lord Cliffe bowed, stiffly.

All this passed in an instant, and then Judge Washington, coming up, begged the happiness of Joseph Carey's company next day, to dinner, in their private apartments at the Richmond Hotel. Thanking him, Joseph Carey accepted the invitation, and the party separated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Portrait Gallery.



EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

We furnish our readers this week, with a portrait of Ebenezer Elliott, the celebrated corn-law rhymer. It is singular that Mr. Elliott wrote and published poems twenty years, before his name or his productions had been heard of beyond the vicinage of the town in which he lived. Had he not been a true poet, a brave, good man, who battled for what he believed the right from an inherent love of truth, and not to gain himself a name and notoriety, he would have thrown away his pen in disgust, and, Timon-like, have cursed the world for its neglect. But he was a true man, and knew that the time would come, sooner or later, when his voice would be heard, and he would be justified by those in whose behalf he labored. One remark of Elliott's reveals his character; he said he could not remember the time when he did not feel indignant at the wrongs which society inflicts upon its members; and it appears that from his earliest years this intense hate of cruelty and oppression found its vent in verse; yet, so little was he understood, even by his own friends, that they did not believe upon him the advantages of culture they might have done, because they thought that education would be wasted on such a dunce; and, instead of being reared as a scholar, he was apprenticed to a trade.

But he grew up to his full stature in spite of the efforts made to dwarf him; his ill luck followed him, for through twenty years he published poems and books which received no notices from the press; and it was not until Bulwer became editor of the New Monthly Magazine, eighteen years ago, that the public learned of the existence of the corn-law rhymer from a review of his poems in that magazine. There are some lack-wit people who aff